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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 322 — *AUGUST 16, 1924* — NO. 4180

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

POUND OR DOLLAR?

GREAT BRITAIN'S currency debate became more lively than ever last month when Dr. Walter Leaf, Chairman of the Westminster Bank, published in a review issued by that institution an article recommending radical and immediate deflation. He would use a high bank-rate to restore the pound sterling to its pre-war parity with gold.

Three parties are contending for the control of Great Britain's currency policy: deflationists, inflationists, and stabilizers. The inflationists, though of unknown strength numerically, and always more or less a danger on the verge of the political horizon, have little hearing in responsible business circles. The Labor Party does not give ear to them, although it probably would resent the radical deflation policy recommended by Dr. Leaf. Indeed the Laborist *Daily Herald* comes out strongly for stabilization: —

The social consequences of deflation are as bad as, though different from, those of inflation. Deflation brings falling prices, coupled with slack trade and acute unemployment. Creditors gain at the expense of debtors. The burden of national debt increases.

Inflation — unwisely proposed as a means of financing the Wheatley building scheme — brings, on the other hand, a stimulus to trade. But with that stimulus comes a rise in prices bearing heavily on the workers. Inflation is a particularly inequitable form of indirect taxation.

The real need — we have urged the point a hundred times — is for a stable currency. Artificially to alter the value of your monetary unit, whether upward or downward, is a process always attended by ill results. But to alter it upward at the present time would be to court disaster.

This opinion is shared by many Liberals — and indeed by most of the weekly press, while the important daily papers outside of the Labor group are inclined to favor deflation. Mr. Keynes, who is an ardent advocate of stabilization at about the present level, protests in *The Nation and the Athenæum* that deflation — assuming that it could be brought about by Dr. Leaf's device — would add ten per cent to the real burden of the national debt, which would be equivalent to increasing the budget nearly $200,000,000; that it would force a reduction of money

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wages, which, though not depressing real wages, would disturb industrial peace; that it would probably raise the cost of Great Britain's staple exports — coal, textiles, iron, and steel — to foreign purchasers until a new adjustment of price levels was brought about; and that it would inaugurate a period of falling prices which would cause domestic producers to curtail output, and would thereby aggravate unemployment. Mr. Keynes would reserve the bank rate as a brake to check the descent of the pound sterling if it shows a tendency to depreciate, instead of using it to force up artificially the exchange value of the pound as compared with the dollar.

A clever anonymous contributor to the *Outlook* interprets the issue as between a gold standard and a 'managed currency' based on index prices. He thinks that the latter is theoretically ideal. It promises a stability of prices, which is the goal of every company director, and a stability of employment, which is equally the goal of every worker. But he doubts the wisdom of resorting to such a device, because it would put the value of money at the mercy of political manipulators.

On the one hand is the gold standard — imperfect, no doubt, in a number of ways, but semiautomatic in its working, and with a known record of a hundred years' fairly smooth running of the economic system in its favor. On the other is the 'managed' currency — of dubious practicability, unknown and complex, demanding always conscious direction by appointed persons. Can there be any doubt which is preferable? The currency is the most important thing in the economic system. Can we afford to expose it to even the chance of political interference? Is not the whole dismal experience of the last ten years proof positive against such a proposal? There are probably less than a thousand people in the country who understand the complete operations necessary to control a currency. Would it not be utter folly to place it even one step nearer the sphere of the spoofs, the stunts, the deceptions of the obsolete methods by which we conduct our day-to-day politics?

Professor Gustav Cassel, the Swedish economist whose pronouncements upon monetary problems have won much authority since the war, believes that England should restore her money to gold parity at once, even at the cost of some domestic discomfort at home, as a matter of international policy. Other European countries must place their currency on a stable basis, and both tradition and convenience lead them to prefer the pound sterling rather than the American dollar as the measuring stick by which to do it. But they cannot act so long as the pound sterling is a measuring stick like the mercury in a thermometer, that changes its length with every change of political or commercial temperature.

With a few exceptions, the European currencies are so much deteriorated that their restoration to a gold basis will have to take place at a new and lower parity. It is easy to understand that no country in such a position is willing to bind its currency to the pound sterling with the prospect of having to go through the same process of deflation which will be necessary in order to bring the pound back to the gold standard. If a new parity has to be chosen for a currency, it is, of course, very desirable that after such 'devaluation' everything should be settled. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, quite natural that a country should defer the definite step until the pound sterling is restored to its old gold parity.

Therefore if England were to restore the pound sterling to gold parity, other countries would be greatly encouraged in their effort to stabilize their own money. If she does not do so, and if the Dawes Report is adopted in its present form, Great Britain may suffer a sad loss of financial prestige.

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With Germany back on an effective gold basis, backed by American capital, Great Britain would have to face the development of a German-American gold standard to the leading currency in the world's trade — which is doubtless against British interests. Great Britain has, therefore, hardly any other choice than an immediate restoration of the British gold standard which would secure for this currency its old leading position.

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MONARCHISM IN MUFTI

WHEN the former Crown Prince attended as a 'private personage' a dinner party given in his honor by the Dutch Ambassador and his wife at Berlin last month, not only society and the official world, but the whole German people, were set aflutter. The Hohenzollern guest has been spending more time at Potsdam of late than on his country estate at Oels in Silesia, and apparently is following the tactics of Rupprecht of Bavaria — to keep in the public eye, but in a strictly private capacity; to let others review military and patriotic parades, while modestly accepting the cheers of the populace as an unassuming citizen.

Not only friends of the old régime, but Baron von Maltzham, a Secretary of State under the present Republic, were among the guests at the dinner party. The Ambassador of the Netherlands holds a peculiarly prominent position in Berlin, because he is dean of the diplomatic corps, and because for a long time it has been recognized that if the German monarchists hatch out a successful plot against the Republic it will be done on the other side of the Dutch frontier. To be sure, the people of Holland would have little sympathy with such an enterprise, nor would their Queen so far as is known, but a small party of conservative aristocrats in that country might welcome a Hohenzollern restoration on account of their political sympathies and in anticipation of personal favors from the new government.

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DISTRUSTING AMERICA

GEORGE BERNHARD, editor of *Vossische Zeitung*, deplores the fact that the German people know very little about the actual terms of the Dawes Report. That Report, he says, 'is in no respect a humanitarian document designed to help Germany; it is merely an attempt of American financiers interested in the solvency of France to secure Reparations for that country, and to create harmony between the English and the French.'

Germany has no reason to concern herself over the way the Report is applied, and ought to keep entirely clear of controversies concerning this. If she does interfere, she will merely be a whipping boy upon whom the Allied disputants will vent their wrath. She need not even agitate herself over the evacuation of the Ruhr, for if the Report is adopted France will have to pay the cost of occupation henceforth out of her own pocket, and her taxpayers will soon tire of the useless outgo.

Trotskii, in a political address delivered to the Fifth Conference of Medical, Sanitary, and Veterinary Workers in Moscow, took pains to impress upon his hearers that the Dawes Report is designed 'to organize complicated machinery for enslaving the laboring masses of Europe.' We Americans, having grown 'fabulously rich,' are now the logical defenders of world capitalism. 'The Social Democrats of Germany play the American hand. They threaten the German working people with the wrath of America if they do not obey her behests.' The Soviet army leader then proceeded to picture an eventual contest for world

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supremacy between Capitalism, with its centre and stronghold in the United States, and Communism, with its centre and stronghold in Russia. 'When you have reached the height of your power and have created a Soviet Federation of Free States, you will have united the two mightiest continents [Asia and Europe], with their unbounded natural resources, and their devoted and enthusiastic revolutionary masses.' Ergo, Russia must perfect her Red Army as a nucleus for the coming struggle.

*

A BULGARIAN MATTEOTTI

THE Bulgarian Sobranje has voted an amnesty for several categories of political crimes, which will benefit most of the members of the Cabinet that was in power in 1915 when Bulgaria joined Germany against the Allies. The two exceptions are MM. Radoslavoff and Tontcheff, who are considered chiefly responsible for the turn Bulgarian policy took at that time. The former Premier and his colleague are residing abroad in order to avoid sentences of imprisonment imposed upon them at the time of their trial after the Armistice.

Bulgaria is agitated over a political murder very similar to that of Matteotti in Italy. The victim is M. Petkov, a prominent peasant deputy, who has carried on in his paper, the *People's Defense*, a bold and bitter fight against the reigning 'White Terror.' Two months ago the Minister of the Interior read in the Chamber a declaration signed by peasants accusing Petkov of conspiracy. Petkov rose and produced the bloodstained shirt of a peasant who had been beaten to death for refusing to sign the charge in question. This dramatic action, which deeply stirred the public, was the prelude to his assassination.

FRENCH ANALYSES OF ENGLISH CHARACTER

A CLEVER and penetrating analysis of England and her people has just been published by M. André Siegfried, under the auspices of the Association France–Grande-Bretagne.

Many of the misunderstandings that Frenchmen cherish regarding their trans-Channel neighbors are due, the author naïvely suggests, to 'the fact that one too easily forgets that the English are the English.' The selfishness of the Englishman 'is due to a lack of imagination.'

What is external to himself interests him very little. He is, in the main, much more ingenuous than perfidious. To treat him as a Machiavelli is to confer upon him praise or blame which are equally undeserved. Very slow at taking in complicated arguments, he chiefly makes up his mind by instinct, without analyzing the mental process, and above all without being able to express it. Being bound by no system or logic, he does not persist obstinately in following blind alleys, and turns back without hesitation, with astonishing rapidity. It is we Frenchmen, who have the reputation of being changeable, who do not know how to get away from a line when we have once adopted it.

To a man of French mentality the Englishman is ingenuous and unsuspicious — deceivingly so, let the American business man and diplomat bear in mind. His moral code is that of sport and fair play; 'but you fail regularly with him if you try to trick him or if you expect him to defend your interests in your place.'

Finally this lack of devious methods and malice gives him — and this is a surprise for those who have come into intimate contact with him — the grace of those who are quite young. He is never blasé. The so-called frivolous Frenchman feels old and wise in the presence of these people who seem all their lives like big boys, the friends

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and near relatives of Nature, of children, and even of the animals which they adore.

M. Siegfried does not credit the pacifist principles of British Labor so much to the internationalism preached by the Socialists as to English Protestant idealism: —

In its attitude toward Europe, the English people is all impregnated with this Protestant spirit, with its doctrinal idealism, its habit of treating all questions from a moral angle, its inclination to preach sermons and to consider that English Protestants are the salt of the earth, and, finally, its unconscious Pharisaism, which persuades it that it is performing a duty when it is really only consulting its own interests. The atmosphere of the Continent is no help toward understanding this state of mind, but unless one does so the fundamental inspiration of English policy must remain a closed book.

M. Herriot, discussing England — primarily in relation to foreign policies — in the course of an interview with M. Jules Sauerwein of *Matin*, dropped the following obiter dictum on the same general theme: —

Look at England! I have studied that country carefully. We want the English to think the way we do. That is impossible. The English and the French are different, and in a way complementary to each other. We are both free peoples and strong peoples, and ought to be united, but we have reached liberty by different routes: the French by principles and proclamations, the English by the gradual extension of the rights of the individual — which is, after a fashion, the way their people express in public life their love of comfort.

Commenting upon this statement, the editor of the London *Spectator* says: —

This is a new reading of English history, under which Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights become simply the public expression of the Englishman's dislike of discomfort and inconvenience — not by any means an unattractive reading!

MINOR NOTES

A DANISH firm, the Rohrbachs Metal Airplane Company, has developed a new type of hydroplane, built entirely of the extremely light and strong duralumin alloy, the same metal that has been used for the framework of the mammoth airship just completed in Germany for the United States Government. The plane measures nearly one hundred feet from wing tip to wing tip, it is propelled by two Rolls-Royce motors of three hundred and sixty horsepower each, and can carry a load of approximately three tons, at a rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. In other words, it can fly from Copenhagen to London in six hours, and in a trial ascent has reached an altitude of over twelve thousand feet. It has water-tight compartments, double steering gear, and complete wireless telegraph and telephone apparatus. Six of these planes have been ordered by the Japanese Government for use in the Postal Service.

WHEN France resumed diplomatic relations with the Vatican, in 1920, Switzerland also, after an interruption of forty-seven years, again received a papal representative accredited to her Government. At that time the leaders of the Swiss Reformed Church offered no protest. Subsequently, however, opposition developed, which now threatens to divide the Republic by a bitter religious controversy. The last visit of the Nuncio to Saint Gallen, which the Protestant press violently criticized and the Catholic press ardently defended, brought the issue to a head. A contributor to *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* deplores the present situation as a threat to religious peace, which should be the first concern of a country like Switzerland, where members of the two confessions are about equal in number.

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MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO, who was relegated to a barren island of the Canary group by the Spanish Directory on account of a letter that was published in our issue of April 12, has been pardoned by the Government. Just before this occurred, however, he had been rescued from his unpleasant place of exile by a party organized and led by M. Dumay, a French Radical journalist, the founder and editor of *Quotidien*. It was during the voyage back to French Morocco, from which the expedition had proceeded, that news of the pardon reached the rescuing party. Professor Unamuno will hereafter reside in Paris.

A COMMISSION for the Readjustment of Finance has just made a gloomy report upon the condition and prospects of the Chinese treasury. The Peking Government derives its revenue principally from five sources: a tariff on imports, an interior tariff, the salt monopoly, wine and tobacco taxes, and a stamp tax. The income from these sources is about $100,000,000 gold — $209,000,000 silver. But various previous charges against these revenues, some of which are pledged to pay foreign and domestic loans, leave a balance of only $7,000,000 to meet the Government's administrative expenses, which amount to $130,000,000. Among the measures recommended to meet the deficit are an increase of two and one half per cent in the customs duties, a reduction of administrative and military expenses, — the latter now eat up seven tenths of the entire expenditure of the Government, — and, of course, a new foreign loan.

THE Women's International Housing Congress, which met in London last month, passed a resolution demanding that the Housing Bill now under discussion shall limit the number of houses built with a government subsidy to twelve per acre in city districts and eight per acre in rural districts.

The Peace of Versailles.
— *De Notenkraker*

The Jungfrau's Ideal.
— *Der Fliegende Holländer*

The 'Nepman,' or New Russian Profiteer.
— *Izvestia*

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LUDENDORFF AT TANNENBERG

BY A MILITARY EXPERT

[The military reputation of Ludendorff and Hindenburg rests so largely upon the German victory at Tannenberg that the following expert criticism of the operations, despite its somewhat technical character, is of sufficient historical importance to interest many lay readers. It is based upon an exhaustive study of both Russian and German official material relating to the battle and the strategic movements that preceded it.]

From *La France Militaire, June* 18, 21, 26
(French Army Daily)

In his defense at the Munich trial General Ludendorff declared that his victory at Tannenberg made him a national hero, and entitled him to a place in Valhalla. 'I am,' he declared, 'the hero of Tannenberg.'

Russia's invasion of East Prussia was designed to withdraw as many German troops as possible from the French front. The battle of Gumbinnen, where the Germans were defeated, had so thoroughly frightened General von Pritwitz, the commander of the Eighth German Army, that he decided to evacuate all East Prussia. But General von Moltke objected, and ordered him to remain beyond the Vistula. At the same time he sent him two army corps from the French front, and replaced him by General Hindenburg, with Ludendorff as Chief of Staff.

The Ludendorff myth, built up after Hindenburg's victory over the army of General Samsonov, is an example of military and political faking unprecedented in history. First the name of the battle is incorrect. Tannenberg is a little place near the region where the fighting actually occurred, but it does not lie in that district itself. It happens, however, to be the place where the Slavs, headed by the Poles, in 1410 A.D. completely defeated the Teutonic Knights, and thereby emancipated themselves from the latter's yoke. So it was necessary to wash out this stain on Germany's banners five hundred years later by creating a new battle of Tannenberg. Although not a drop of Russian or German blood was shed at that point, Ludendorff demanded of the Kaiser authority to call the series of battles between the German troops and Samsonov's army the battle of Tannenberg. That was the first device to boost Ludendorff's name. The second was another legend elaborated in his *Memoirs*, a book in which he modestly shares his failures with Hindenburg, but keeps all the successes for himself.

According to this legend, the battles with Samsonov's troops were fought as follows: Ludendorff, with an inspiration of genius, boldly concentrated the whole Eighth German Army against Samsonov, withdrawing it from under the very nose of the neighboring Russian general, Rennenkampf. Then he enticed Samsonov to attack his centre, and prepared to encircle his enemy with his right and left wings. To achieve this he did not shrink from weakening his centre and even inviting a temporary setback there. In a word, he repeated the strategy that Hannibal used at the battle of Cannæ, that

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eternal model of military art. As a result of this bold and inspired strategy, Samsonov was encircled and surrendered.

So much for the legend; now for the reality.

From August 13 to 17 the Russian troops held their ground against German forces twice as strong as they were. As a consequence of this inferiority, the remnants of two and a half Russian army-corps, which were in the centre of their line, were cut off by a German army-corps of the right wing. Part of these isolated troops succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy. The remainder were taken prisoners in separate detachments.

Germany's general plan of operations against Samsonov was not based on the idea of Cannæ, that is, of enveloping the enemy, but on striking a decisive blow against the right flank of the Russian army, which was marching upon Allenstein. This was a plan that the German General Staff had worked out carefully and had even practised in a *Kriegspiel* several years before the war. So it was not Ludendorff's idea at all. It was suggested on August 8, the day after the battle of Gumbinnen, by General Scholtz, commander of the Twentieth German Army-Corps, and accepted by General Pritwitz, commanding the Eighth German Army. General von Moltke, Chief of the German General Staff, insisted that it be tried. In conformity with this plan General Pritwitz sent the First German Army-Corps, under General François, directly from the battlefield of Gumbinnen to reënforceh is right wing under General Scholtz.

Up to this point Ludendorff had no part in the affair, for it was not until August 9 that he was summoned to Grand Headquarters and given his new post. In preparing his case, however, Ludendorff writes in his *Memoirs* that he dispatched orders from Koblenz, where the Grand Headquarters were then stationed, to change the detrainment point of the First Army-Corps under General François. But the latter General, in his book, *Marneschlacht und Tannenberg*, proves that this statement by General Ludendorff is false. Likewise General von Moltke and not Ludendorff is to be credited with ordering the attack by the First German Reserve Corps and the Seventeenth Corps upon Samsonov's army. He sent telephone orders to this effect to General Pritwitz on August 8, and it was because that General hesitated to carry them out that General von Moltke insisted that the Kaiser replace him by Hindenburg. We therefore see that Ludendorff's share in determining the preliminary strategic movements prior to the final clash between the Eighth German Army and Samsonov's army was practically nil. By the time Ludendorff appeared upon the scene, the troops were already in position or their movements had been provided for and ordered.

The decisive battle began on August 13, when the German left wing, consisting of the First Reserve Corps, the Seventeenth Corps, and the Sixth Landwehr Brigade, defeated with enormously superior forces the Sixth Russian Corps at Bischofsburg. But it is interesting to observe that the liaison between the German left wing and the headquarters of the Eighth German Army was very poor during the whole operation, and the officers in immediate command of the troops fought largely on their own initiative. It was quite otherwise that day on the right wing. There the commanding officers were close at hand, and conducted operations directly. General François asked Hindenburg to permit him to defer his attack from the thirteenth until the fourteenth of August, because only

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half of his artillery had been detrained. General Ludendorff, however, insisted that the attack be made on the thirteenth as planned, and as a result the German assault was checked without reaching its objectives.

While the First Army Corps under General François was thus engaged, the whole Twentieth Corps, which rested on its flank, was confronted by the Second Russian Division, which was stretched out over a front of ten versts. The latter was defeated and driven back, and consequently by the evening of August 13 the roads were open for the Germans to Neidenburg, an important centre of communication behind the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Russian Corps, which formed the centre of the opposing army. At this point there was a breach twenty versts long in the Russian lines, only inadequately protected by the remnants of the Second Russian Infantry Division and one cavalry brigade.

But Ludendorff, the great strategist, neither detected nor suspected this vital fact, for in his army order for the fourteenth of August, dated at 9 P.M. August 13, he declared that nearly two Russian army-corps were concentrated exactly where this breach really was. It is precisely this breach that he ordered his officers to envelop. August 14 comes, and all day long Ludendorff remains oblivious to the true situation. In every art genius reveals itself as intuition, and yet seldom do we find so conspicuous an example of utter absence of intuition as Ludendorff showed that day.

The vigorous operations of the Fifteenth Russian Corps, which was fighting on the centre during August 14, made Ludendorff forget completely all about Hannibal and Cannæ, which he so conveniently recalled later when writing his *Memoirs*. Not only did he make no effort to entrap the Russians into the depths of his own centre by allowing them a transitory and deceptive triumph, but quite the reverse. He was so worried about his centre that he stopped the Twentieth German Corps, which was headed directly for the dangerous breach in the Russian lines, and brought it back. Placing one of its divisions behind the centre as an additional reserve, he rested the second upon the centre. Thus on August 14 our modern Hannibal did everything in his power not to envelop the Russians, but to let them get away.

During all of August 15 he continued to facilitate the Russian retirement. Under the impression produced by the heroic fighting of the Fifteenth Russian Corps, he continued to crowd his right wing closer to the centre, thus diminishing the depth of a possible enveloping movement. In his panic he sent two orders — at 9.10 A.M. and 12.25 P.M. — to General François, who commanded the First German Corps, directing him to carry out the necessary movements to accomplish this object. But he forgets to mention this in his *Memoirs*.

Unfortunately for the Russians, General François did not obey the orders given him by General Ludendorff. Of his own initiative he centred his principal attack not on Lana as instructed, but on Neidenburg, and thereby succeeded in cutting off, just at the critical moment, the Russian road of retreat, by occupying the Neidenburg-Villenberg highway.

Even more interesting are the strategic orders given by Ludendorff to the left wing, which consisted of the First Reserve Corps and the Seventeenth Corps. In a general order to the army dated 5.30 P.M. on August 15, these two corps are directed to retreat. The Seventeenth Corps, under General Mackenzen, was to retire to Gustadt,

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thirty versts behind the point where it was then stationed. But General Mackenzen, like General François, did not execute Ludendorff's orders. Instead, he obstinately persisted in advancing in the direction of Villenberg so as to outflank the Russian centre.

So there was a Cannæ, but Ludendorff did everything in his power to prevent it. Tannenberg was a triumph for German military science, and for splendidly trained field officers stationed at points remote from each other. The commanders of two corps, isolated on opposite wings, happened to settle their problem for themselves in accordance with the same general plan, and in defiance of the orders of the great strategist, Ludendorff. Generals François and Mackenzen succeeded in enveloping Samsonov's army, and thus ending successfully a battle that had been unequal from the outset.

From that moment Ludendorff forgot all about his order of 5.30 P.M., August 15, directing Mackenzen to withdraw the left wing to a point thirty versts behind its former position. Still, his *Memoirs* give a clue to the reason why he issued it. He was very much afraid of Rennenkampf, whose army was stationed north of that of Samsonov, though a hundred versts away from the field of battle. He writes: 'I could not take unalloyed pleasure in this great victory. The concern that General Rennenkampf caused me weighed too seriously on my nerves.' He refers to this fear several times, and credits Rennenkampf with having twenty-four divisions.

Now in the first place, a hundred versts without a single railway ought to prevent such a rapid military movement as Ludendorff feared. In the second place, when the General wrote his *Memoirs* after the war, he had full data as to the exact strength of all the forces engaged; yet he did not hesitate to exaggerate beyond all measure the number of divisions under Rennenkampf's command. During the battle of Gumbinnen, on August 7, General Rennenkampf's army consisted of six and one half divisions of infantry. On August 15 it was reënforced by only the Eleventh Army Corps consisting of one division and a half. Therefore the total strength at his command was never more than eight divisions, instead of twenty-four. We should add to this, that the actual bayonet strength of a Russian division at the beginning of the war was only one half of that of a German division.

But self-advertising calls for lurid colors. The posters must show feeble German forces resisting not merely ordinary armies but an avalanche of troops pouring down from Russia. The battle of Gumbinnen had been lost. The situation inherited from General Pritwitz was hopeless. Only the genius of Ludendorff saved the situation. It is to prove such claims as these that he records in his *Memoirs* the twenty-four divisions of General Rennenkampf.

But exaggeration does not stop there. Ludendorff reports that ninety thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the Germans at Tannenberg. Statistics indicate that the actual number captured by the Germans on the Russian centre, exclusive of wounded men, who are not ordinarily enumerated, did not exceed twenty-five thousand men, including all the prisoners captured in several battles beginning on August 13, around Lake Kovnatken; on August 14 and 15, near Hohenstein; on August 16, in the neighborhood of Grünfluss; and finally during the several attempts of the Russians to break through the German encircling lines between August 16 and 18. The total of ninety thousand is made up as follows: first, real prisoners of war — that is, un-

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wounded Russian soldiers of the centre numbering some twenty-five thousand, and prisoners captured on the wings, who numbered about ten thousand, making a total of thirty-five thousand; second, wounded men, of whom twenty or thirty thousand were left in the hospitals, in the ambulances, and on the field of battle; third, about an equal number of men in the transport service, including people of the neighborhood who had been pressed into service with their horses and carts.

Ludendorff's purpose in building up the Tannenberg myth was twofold. He wished to undermine the confidence of the Allies in Russia and her army, and to pour the poison of doubt and terror into the veins of the Russians themselves, while reviving the courage of the badly defeated Austrians. But he was working first and foremost for his own glory. He dreamed of a rapid and victorious invasion of Russia, of separating that country from the Allies and subduing it. He believed that the safety of Germany consisted in transferring the war's centre of gravity from the Western front in France to her Eastern frontier.

German history, when it passes its final verdict upon Ludendorff, will not rank him among her great captains, but among those who have brought her disaster by a policy of deception.

Ludendorff could be vindictive and petty at times. During the battle just described, General Martos, commander of the Fifteenth Russian Army-Corps, had a horse shot under him and was captured while defending himself in a hand-to-hand fight after he fell. He owed his life to the fact that his aid-de-camp had time to shout at the German soldier about to kill him: 'It 's a general.' Chivalry demanded that courtesy be shown to such an enemy. And Hindenburg did show him that courtesy. But Ludendorff immediately began to ask the captured officer sarcastically what sort of strategy the Russians were practising anyway in this battle. He could not understand it and would like to have it explained to him. But he did not stop with sarcasm. General Martos had witnessed certain things that it would be very disagreeable for Ludendorff to have known. He might tell what he knew, and it would be more convenient to have him put out of the way.

Therefore a charge of pillage was concocted against General Martos, that might cause him to be shot. The accusation was so revolting and improbable that honest German citizens of the district where the alleged pillaging was said to have occurred voluntarily protested against it. Eventually the Russian Government was forced to notify Germany that if General Martos was executed, the German officers captured by the Russians would suffer the same fate.

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THE CITY OF UNBOUNDED CRISES

BY X. Y. Z.

From *Pester Lloyd, June 24*
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

WE can at last speak of taking flight to Vienna in the literal sense of the word, for both airplanes and hydroplanes now maintain regular services between Budapest and that metropolis. Any man possessing a sufficient number of Swiss francs can drop down into the City of Unbounded Crises at will. Indeed, if he is less amply endowed with wealth or of a thrifty disposition, he can at last journey thither with considerable comfort even on the railway; for all roads, atmospheric and terrestrial, lead to Vienna.

Never did the former capital of the Hapsburgs better repay a visit. To be sure, one notes crises on the right, crises on the left, crises ahead, and crises behind. But since no true Viennese was ever so false to his birth and breeding as to dwell upon the shadowy side of life, nowhere else do crises glide past with such delightful nonchalance, nowhere are they borne with such cheery unconcern.

The mother of all crises is at the Stock Exchange. Even good citizens of unquestioned respectability, who ordinarily never glance at a market report, are aware that the good ladies and gentlemen of Vienna speculated heavily in French money at the time of its recent depreciation — mostly to their sorrow. They expected to bring France to her knees, but even their doughtiest champions withdrew from the contest with bruised bodies and broken heads. Since the Viennese, from their princes — who, by virtue of a Republican ordinance, can now use their titles only in parentheses — down to their corner loafers, have taken to gilding the humdrum surface of life with speculation in foreign currencies, the money-changer's offices are besieged by people who buy anything from English pounds to Portuguese reis, from Rumanian lei to Japanese yen, money of any kind and country, providing it is good and dear. Peddlers go from house to house and door to door dickering in foreign currency. Vienna's heavy loss in francs still rests on their conscience — if they have one. They are the condiment boys in the sumptuous restaurant of banking; they are the skirmish line of the business world; they are the serpents who tempt trusting Eves — and Adams — with forbidden fruit.

To be sure, the small investor lost little in the recent debacle, for he who has no money cannot lose. The newly rich were the chief sufferers. Many a multimillionaire, many a Crœsus, many a nabob, went bankrupt overnight. Astonished spectators suddenly discovered that men at whom they had marveled as great financial geniuses were most ordinary fellows after all. Everything they touched for a time turned to gold as if by a Midas gift, until suddenly their great hoards melted away overnight like the unsubstantial treasure-trove of a dream.

The bold adventurers of olden times were characterized with six words: 'Iron head, iron chest, iron crown.' In those good old days there were still iron royal orders, and sudden rises in the world were not uncommon. Under the

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Austrian Republic, bold brigands of the Bourse may rise even more quickly, but their fall is correspondingly precipitate. Now that the police and law courts have taken things resolutely in hand, their careers may be characterized with six other words: 'Iron law, iron fist, iron fetters.'

This is a fate that the gentlemen who migrated to Vienna from obscure parts right after the war hardly contemplated, when they arrived there in beggarly tags and tatters. They now leave the city of their desires in the same dilapidated attire, although during the interim they have lived prodigally in noble palaces.

One of these, an extremely youthful, active young fellow, bobbed up suddenly in the Stock Exchange cafés. The head waiters at these establishments have learned by experience to be suspicious, and for a time he had much difficulty in getting credit for enough food to keep body and soul together. But he made progress, first in the curb market, where profiteers close their shady deals in doorways and sheltered corners; then on the steps of the Bourse Palace in Schottenring, where hangers-on of the big operators inside ply their petty trade. Eventually he gained admission to the palatial hall of the Exchange itself, where he grew taller from hour to hour until at last he towered above all his rivals, a young Napoleon of finance. It was the most remarkable case of a sudden rise on record. No one knew whence he came, though he was obviously a foreigner, and no one knows whither he has vanished now — to the keen regret of his creditors and the police.

Three brothers from Poland were likewise interesting figures. To those indiscreet enough to ask their name and origin they always answered with Lohengrin: '*Nie sollst du mich befragen, woher ich kam der Fahrt!*' This three-leaved clover of finance was distinguished by the fact that all its members mangled the German language horribly. We doubt if history records three more brutal murderers of our mother tongue than these three knights of the ticker. And they were as unorthodox in their business methods as in their orthography. Nevertheless, for a brief period they played a mighty rôle in the financial world. Their venturesome transactions skimmed the very edge of the illegal, and almost before the public was aware of it each brother had a luxurious automobile, a palace — and an ancestral portrait gallery!

Tempi passati! To-day they recline on their laurels — in confined, secluded, and securely barred quarters provided by the State.

The most original character, however, among these gentlemen beggared between dusk and dawn was a bountiful Mæcenas who bought paintings right and left at liberal prices. His favorites were the pictures of the historical painter, Schnorr von Carolsfeld. To-day not even a faded reflection of this colorful magnificence remains. Before the war this richest of the newly rich was a salesman in a bedding store. During the war he made several venturesome speculations, in which he used to excellent advantage his experience in selling blankets. Thereby he accumulated riches, until he kept not only horses and carriages, actresses and opera singers, but also journalists, panegyrists, and a personal press-organ of his own. He seemed to have reached the very pinnacle of opulence. None the less, his fortune collapsed like a house of cards. His fall evoked more sympathy than that of the others, for he was as generous as he was lucky, and gave as bountifully as he received.

The crisis in the Stock Exchange has fathered a whole family of smaller crises. One of these is at the Jockey

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Club. Hard times and high taxes upon betting and bookmakers have discouraged the devotees of the turf. Consequently the genro of the Jockey Club wear mourning and sadly discuss the probable necessity of canceling next season's races. When everything else stands still, why not the horses?

Added to the depression at the Jockey Club is the painful scene that occurred a day or two ago at Hotel Sacher. That famous hostelry used to be the rendezvous of Vienna's world of fashion. No guest of lower rank than baron was welcome. The noblest blood of Austria felt at home in the seignioral rooms of Madame Sacher, to which Grillparzer's verse, '*In deinem Lager isst Oesterreich*,' might well have been applied. To-day, however, Hotel Sacher has become democratic. Parvenus, with parvenu manners, jostle there scions of ancient lineage. Finally the last blow fell, a real blow which a real Graf — in parentheses — struck another real Graf — again, of course, in parentheses. And this in that temple of good form and courtly graces, Hotel Sacher! And almost next door to the Jockey Club!

In comparison with such crises as these the crisis in the business world shrinks to diminutive dimensions. The latter is made evident to the stranger by the joyful welcome he receives when, instead of merely pausing to stare through its show windows and note the cut prices marked on the goods displayed there, he actually enters the portal of a palace of trade. Hotels and restaurants complain of bad business with equal bitterness. The natives have no occasion for private apartments and, with the present rates of exchange, even less appetite. And foreign tourists keep carefully away. Vienna confidently expected last summer a veritable invasion of Americans and English with well-lined pocketbooks, but so far not a drop of the anticipated rain of gold has fallen. Even the usual migrants en route to and from the great summer-resorts failed to appear. The recent plethora of money that drove people in swarms to Marienbad and its sister resorts, where the guests grew thinner as fast as the hosts grew fatter, seems to have vanished. There is not even the usual crop of Karlsbad invalids, although so many have ruined their digestions in the purlieus of the Stock Exchange. It is hardly necessary to add, therefore, that the hotel and resort business suffers from a crisis.

The jewelry shops, which before the recent break in the market were besieged with buyers, stand lonely and deserted, while their proprietors hum sadly the melancholy air: '*Du hast Diamenten und Perlen.*' Antique-dealers, who but lately were skipping about serving eager patrons with a youthful liveliness unbecoming in their business, again exhibit the signs of the senile decrepitude so appropriate to their vocation. It is true that the Dorotheum, where costly knickknacks of every kind are auctioned off in public, is still crowded; in fact, one sees the same faces there that he saw in May a year ago. But the patrons who were eager bidders then are equally eager sellers now — only to-day fate does not bless them with fools as buyers.

Is it necessary to add that the theatres also have their crisis? If all the world's a stage, the stage is all the world, and on it unbounded crises likewise have their proper place. It is not only that the curtain rises on rows of empty benches, but that these empty benches are filled before the beginning of the second act, showing that the deadheads have besieged the ticket office with success. Managers try to create the illusion that their houses are

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sold out, and so distribute unsold tickets with a liberal hand. Of course, they are also making desperate efforts to attract a paying public. No stone is left unturned to lure solvent patrons within their doors. Even the staid old Burgtheater and the reserved and haughty Staatsoper stoop very low to curry public favor. The Burgtheater is presenting Molnar's highly colored *Red Mill* and a blood-and-thunder drama entitled *An Adventure in China*, in which Roland, an actress who stops at nothing to produce exaggerated effects, plays the leading rôle. To see her on the stage of a theatre of such traditions suggests a clash of rowdy jazz in the middle of a solemn chant.

Jazz and its cacaphonic congeners win growing favor amid this collapse of standards. Richard Strauss is bringing out at the Staatsoper a new ballet under the savory title, 'Whipped Cream,' in the vain hope of persuading the public to flock again to that beautiful and distinguished palace of harmony and art; but the poor 'Whipped Cream ballet' has no punch, and makes no converts. The Volkstheater is in an equally bad way. Not even the prize fight in Shaw's new comedy aroused the interest of the public. Reinhardt began his season with a modernized Goldoni and a vanishing chandelier. Goldoni is said to have been given on the first night because one of Reinhardt's wealthy patrons is an Italian. This supposition does not seem plausible, because his next wealthiest patron is a great textile manufacturer, and so we should have logically expected *The Weavers* on the second night's bill.

Among the new improvements for which we must thank Reinhardt's genius is a famous old restaurant that has been connected directly with his theatre, where a person can get excellent food at moderate prices. This culinary-gastronomic attraction is lacking at most of the other playhouses. Consequently they must confine themselves to trading favorite actors and actresses in order to present more attractive bills. Just at present they are drawing heavily upon Berlin.

I recently witnessed one of these Berlin productions, the short Guignol piece, *Galgentoni*, and found mighty little in it to please me. It is like a third serving of a Russian tea. The first was *Hannele*, the second *Liliom*, and the third *Galgentoni*. But while tea gets thinner with each successive service, these new servings get thicker — too thick, it seemed to me, for even the midnight public at Vienna. A stage crowded with wenches, profiteers, sharpers, and a similar precious company, where Saint Peter dances the shimmy, is not tolerable upon the boards even after midnight.

But this crisis has borne most heavily of all upon operetta theatres. Some have taken to serious drama, and play classical pieces on hot afternoons. Those that survive in their original character owe this respite to Hungarian composers and artists. Nothing illustrates the acuteness of this crisis better than the misfortune of one house that advertised a new bill, but was not able to open the first night because the managers could not pay their own bills. Yet this misfortune passed virtually unnoticed, because not a single ticket had been sold. In fact, there are theatres that cannot even give away their seats to deadheads. Perhaps they might attract an audience if they paid deadheads to attend, but that *reductio ad absurdum* of theatre competition has not yet been reached.

We shall end our bulletin of Vienna crises here. The collapse of the franc, the Stock Exchange panic, and the ramifications of disaster that have sprung from them, have nevertheless left Vienna about what she always has

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been, and the Viennese the same carefree, happy people they were before. Fundamentally conditions must be sounder than they appear on the surface. One need only observe the luxurious automobiles decorated with narcissuses, roses, carnations, and lilies, carrying sweet young girls to confirmation at Saint Stephen's Church, to see the occupants' happy young faces, to note the evidences of comfort and well-being that surround them, in order to discover that there is another side to Vienna life. Or a man may make a round of the refreshment bars, *wo ausg'steckt ist*, or drop in at any tavern patronized by the common people, and he will always find happy customers, merry songs, and good food in abundance. Now and then an echo of the crises can be caught in a dry joke or a more serious side-remark, but in general this has been a cheerful panic. Many men were ruined, but they were mostly alien adventurers. To use a Vienna figure, the foam is blown off the stein. Your true Viennese still sings and drinks and dances as he did of yore.

THE ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE

BY L. S. AMERY

[*The last Imperial Conference, the Wembley Exposition, and the Preferential Trade issue, have greatly stimulated British interest in Imperial economic relations. The present article is suggested by the publication of the two voluminous works — twenty-four volumes in all — dealing with this topic that we note under Books Mentioned. Its writer, a former staff editor and foreign correspondent of the* London Times, *and author of several works directly or indirectly relating to Imperial policies, is a Protectionist, and since* 1922 *has been First Lord of the Admiralty.*]

From the *Spectator, July* 12
(London Moderate-Conservative Weekly)

The British people is just beginning to discover the British Empire. It can hardly be said to have begun to realize all that this discovery implies. But it is, at any rate, becoming increasingly aware of the fact that this Empire exists and that it is not only a wonderful thing in itself, but the most hopeful thing in a world of political and above all economic difficulties. Dimly it sees in it the saving opportunity which may enable us to refashion our world again after the great breakdown, and to refashion it in accordance with those ideals which the war itself made all the more vivid and purposeful in contrast with its own wastefulness. There is consequently a widespread eagerness for information about the Empire. That eagerness is a very real thing in the House of Commons, and in all Parties notwithstanding the regrettably parochial attitude of many of those who were responsible for the anti-Imperial vote against Preference the other day. It is very real and growing in the business world, with the general public, and last, but very far from least, in the world of schoolmasters and teachers.

Fortunately the opportunities for

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satisfying that desire for knowledge are rapidly multiplying. Wireless and the airship may, indeed, multiply them enormously in the next decade. Meanwhile, to confine ourselves to the present day, we have the Empire assembled and made visible to the masses of our people at Wembley. Whether that Exhibition will prove a financial success or not will, no doubt, depend on that most uncertain of all factors, our English weather. But its success as a tremendous instrument of national education is already assured.

The United States is in extent less than one quarter of the British Empire, and somewhat less than one half of that part of the British Empire which is more especially comparable with it — the area comprised by the self-governing Dominions. With the one exception of mineral oil its total ascertained and potential natural resources are incomparably inferior to those of the Empire. More compact geographically, it has in its development been confined in the main to land transport, as compared with the cheaper ocean transport available for the purposes of Imperial development. For the capital and population required for development it has had to indent upon others — in the main upon this country. There is no inherent reason why the development of the United States during the past century should have been much more rapid or on a much larger scale than that of the British Dominions. What are the actual facts? In that period the United States has built up an additional population of about one hundred millions on a higher average level of prosperity than exists anywhere else in the world. Its railway mileage is nearly as great as that of the rest of the world put together. Its output of coal and oil, of iron and steel, greatly exceeds that of the rest of the world. So does its consumption of electricity. As for such things as motor cars, the United States turns out, I imagine, many more in a month than the rest of the world turns out in a year.

In the British Empire, over the same period, our white population has grown by only fifty millions, and of that growth, barely fifteen has been outside these islands. There has been a great growth of population in India and Africa, it is true, but not so much as a result of positive economic development as of the removal of negative retarding factors such as civil war or slave raiding. Measured by the other standards of wealth production indicated above — and even allowing for our greater volume of shipping — it would be difficult to claim for the British Empire as a whole an effective economic output of much more than half that of the United States. As for the Dominions, which in population, climate, and character most nearly resemble the United States, they are, frankly, nowhere in comparison. Canada, lying alongside of the United States for the whole width of a continent, has barely added eight millions to her population in a century. Australia, which Froude thought forty years ago would by now have thirty millions, has not yet topped the six-million mark.

How are we to account for this immense disparity between America's economic achievement and our own? The answer lies in the simple fact that America has had a national economic policy of development, and consequently has developed, while the British Empire has had no such policy. A national policy is one which aims at concentrating and intensifying, within the political frontiers of a State, the whole cycle of economic development, to the farthest possible extent which the material and human resources of the State will allow. That cycle begins

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with the interaction and mutual stimulation of production and consumption, and widens progressively as the surplus of production over consumption — in the shape of capital, on the one hand, and in the shape of increased population, on the other — increases both producing and consuming power. The process may be intensified, where natural resources are abundant, by encouraging the influx of additional capital and additional population from without. Where capital and population are abundant but natural resources limited, the natural limitations may be overcome by the importation of additional raw materials and foodstuffs. In either case the complementary factors required for rapid development are purchased by the export of part of the surplus of production. But the process may also be slowed down and, in greater or less measure, dislocated, if surplus capital and population leave the territory of the State, or if its consuming power is not used to stimulate its own production, but dissipated in stimulating foreign production.

Now, the policy of the United States has been one which has consistently aimed at meeting the whole needs of American consumption by American production, and at intensifying the process of development by encouraging the influx of capital and — till quite recently — of population.

In this country, on the other hand, there has, for most of the last century at any rate, been no attempt of any kind to see to it that our consumption should stimulate either local or Imperial production, or that capital or population should remain within the confines of the Empire. The unregulated economic activities of our people have consequently been dissipated all over the world, building up the United States, building up the Argentine, building up our industrial competitors in Europe. Wherever any country has had an economic policy it has made use of our capital, our population, or our market for its own purposes without let or hindrance. Amid the general scramble our Dominions and Colonies have only secured a very trifling share of the life-and growth-giving factors which we squandered at large. Most of the Dominions, it is true, have had a local economic policy, aimed at local development. But the smallness of their population and home market and the competition of more favored starters in the scramble for the capital, settlers, or markets of the Mother Country have imposed very rigid limits upon the success of their several and uncoördinated policies.

If the British Empire is to develop, if its vast latent resources are to be translated into terms of population and human welfare, it must have an Imperial economic policy. Such a policy need not preclude the existence alongside of it of particular local policies, aimed at the special stimulation of local production. The ideal of an Imperial *Zollverein*, with complete internal Free Trade and a single tariff against the outside world, may be attractive, and ultimately, perhaps, not impossible. But it is not practical politics at present, or, indeed, easily compatible with the constitutional position in the Empire. And in any case it is not essential to a policy of Imperial development. All that the latter requires is that the market of each part of the Empire, in so far as it is not supplied by its domestic production, and its capital and population, in so far as they are not usefully absorbed at home, should be primarily devoted to helping forward the development of the rest of the Empire. That result can be attained, in complete consonance with the political and economic autonomy of each part of the Empire, by the policy of Imperial Preference.

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EXPLAINING AMERICA TO JAPAN

BY S. SHEBA

[*This article is the report of an address by the editor of the* Japan Times, *to the students of the Aoyama Gakuin in Tokyo. Mr. Sheba, who was for many years the proprietor and editor of a Japanese daily paper in Honolulu, has an unusually intimate knowledge of American affairs. The address, which was originally published in the* Japan Times, *reaches our editorial office in pamphlet form.*]

H. G. WELLS attributes the present confusion of thought throughout the world to the unbalanced ratio of progress between modern science and political and social systems and institutions. The one has so far outstripped the other that imparity is the result.

The progress of modern science, which has given us the telegraph, the telephone, and the airplane, has greatly shortened distance. We are now rubbing elbows with our neighbors across the seas. What may occur in New York City or Washington to-day will be known here to-morrow through the medium of the press, just as yesterday's happenings in Tokyo are known all over America to-day. Thus Japan and America are very close neighbors.

If we look around us we see at once how closely the relations between the two countries are interwoven. The forests of Oregon supply the wood which forms the main structure of our dwellings; American iron mines and steel foundries furnish the braces, supports and nails in our buildings; and over our heads is a roof of corrugated iron from an American producer.

Examine your own person and you will realize that the cotton garments you all wear are made of cotton grown in the Southern States of America; even your time is not your own, for your watches are either Elgins or Walthams. Your fountain-pen, glasses, shoes, books, and innumerable other things of daily wear and use have their origin in the United States.

American flour is now a staple food in lieu of rice; American corned beef and Alaskan salmon are on everybody's table to-day. Your fashion of hairdressing is aped from the American screen artist. Your manner of dressing and even your facial expression to some extent are changing in imitation of Americans. We no longer live independently of America, and the relation is getting closer day by day.

Devastated Tokyo is now being rebuilt with American capital; our street-cars, trains, automobiles, telephones, electric-light generators, iron materials and lumber, various machines, and even the materials for our road construction are principally imported from America. American products form the very foundation upon which our daily life is built.

Thus, the separation of the two countries is almost unimaginable considered geographically, commercially, industrially and in economic ways, as well as when considered in the light of past traditions, and of the future in which Japan and America are bound to be united materially and spiritually as partners in the development of the Pacific and in assuring the peace of the Far East.

Notwithstanding these inseparable ties each lacks knowledge of the other. The American people do not under-

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stand Japan, and even less do the Japanese understand America. When the two are so closely related in respect to their mutual destiny, and are so apart in mutual knowledge, misunderstandings will crop up between them which will bring unhappiness to both. This lack of mutual knowledge is always an obstacle in the path of good understanding, of which the present immigration question is an excellent example.

There are those in Japan who have been devoting themselves to making Japan known to the American people, but they have neglected to interpret America to the Japanese, which is fully as important.

I have lived in America almost as long as I have in Japan. I have lived on American bread and butter as much as I have on Japanese rice and tea. In the words of a very common expression, I feel that I should divide my loyalty 'fifty-fifty' between America and Japan. Therefore, I feel it my bounden duty to work for the better understanding of both nations.

The political structures of these two nations are fundamentally opposite. Japan is subdivided into provinces and districts under a strong central government, and without much autonomous power; the United States, as its name implies, is a federation of semi-independent states, each of which enjoys states' rights quite incomprehensible to any Japanese unfamiliar with the American system of government.

In Japan the central government is vested with all power to dictate to its subdivided parts; in America the component parts, the states, are independent and self-governing bodies to a certain degree. This makes the American government system rather complex and confusing to the Japanese mind.

Under this peculiar American system of government, the federal power is often handicapped in its national and international affairs when legislation happens to conflict with the vital interests of an individual sovereign state. Mr. Roosevelt, one of the foremost exponents of a strong centralized government, often experienced difficulties, when President, in legislation which infringed state rights, and his famed 'Big Stick' was often flourished in vain.

National affairs often find themselves in a cul-de-sac from which extrication is impossible, a situation beyond the comprehension of foreigners. When the interests of a state are in conflict with the nation's obligations toward another nation, the Federal Government is always placed in an unenviable position because it must face either international distrust or civil strife. Sometimes the United States appears quite irresponsible in dealing with other Powers, while in reality under its present system of government this is inevitable.

The United States may well be compared with a man, strong and energetic, with healthy limbs, and with the head of an experienced, wise and cautious philosopher. Usually his wisdom is to the fore and keeps the country in check, but occasionally the youth in him gains the upper hand, and he acts impulsively, willfully, and without much forethought. He is a composite of merits and faults; of the wisdom and learning of experience and age, and the follies of young, inexperienced, and irrepressible youth. To outsiders he is sometimes a contradiction, an inconsistency and an anachronism; again he is consistent and logical and his sage advice forces others to heed his wise counsel.

America is a large country and above all a new nation; therefore, it is but natural that she should be entirely different from a small but old and compact country like ours. This must be

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kept in mind when dealing with the United States. The American people are a people of self-respect and self-determination. Consequently, they dislike being dictated to by anyone pretending to superiority over them. Even their own Presidents cannot too often assume a dictatorial attitude, however right they may be, without encountering strong opposition from the people.

The late President Wilson met such opposition during the American participation in the Great War when he attempted to rule too arbitrarily; and when he acted somewhat pompously in Europe the American people promptly repudiated his decisions and actions and disapproved the Versailles Treaty, even by the sacrifice of their Chief Executive, a circumstance which, I am convinced, would certainly have caused a Japanese statesman to commit hara-kiri.

This jealous spirit of independence was hopelessly offended by an unfortunate phrase of Ambassador Hanihara. No sooner was the phrase uttered by him than the American Congress gave tit for tat by retaliating with the passage of the Immigration Bill. Even whole-hearted and strenuous efforts on the part of the President were without avail to mend the situation.

Then, let it be remembered by us that before every Presidential election even so grave a matter as an international incident is faced light-heartedly by the Party psychology of the American people, a state of mind entirely beyond the comprehension of a people like ourselves. The controlling influence over the Japanese people, or, in other words, their spirit of patriotism, is based on loyalty to their Imperial House, which is the basis of their social system; with the Americans patriotism is based not so much either on tradition or race or on their past as on their singular purpose to unite in self-government for the promotion of their common happiness and welfare.

Therefore, anyone who lacks this community spirit of common interest cannot be a good citizen. He is unassimilable and undesirable in America. Japanese unite in time of war; that is perhaps the only time they do unite.

The American people unite in time of peace, as well as in other times, to promote their common interest, to elevate their living conditions, to become happier beings, and they unite in community spirit. If a foreign immigrant enters their community who cares nothing about the spirit that rules that community, he is very much like an adopted son who cares nothing for his new family, but steals all the wealth thereof to enrich his former family.

If he cares nothing about the customs and manner of living of his new home, nothing will prevent his expulsion and exclusion. This point must be considered by our emigrants to America.

A further point to be considered is the fact that behind Japanese emigrants stand the officials of a bureaucratic government who still try to control their actions even though they are abroad. This is a mistake. If emigrants once leave their home and their own shores for foreign lands, why not entrust them to the care of the government to whose territory they have gone? Whether they are happy or otherwise must be left to their own destiny. The officiousness of our government is often considered by the American people as an interference in their own affairs.

Another thing to be kept in mind is the open and frank attitude of the American people. They are straightforward and open-minded, although this characteristic sometimes takes on the appearance of rudeness and of uncouth and awkward diplomacy. Under

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misunderstanding they become impatient and apt to act precipitately, but once this misunderstanding is dispelled they are quite ready to forget and extend their hands for forgiveness and conciliation, an attitude which Japanese are rather loath to adopt even when they recognize that they are wrong.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the history of America as a nation is not yet one hundred and fifty years old. As America is a young nation, with dominions covering a vast area, her people are too busy with home affairs to trouble much with international affairs.

Some American Congressmen vaunt, whether falsely or truthfully, their ignorance of world events and conditions and boast that they have never yet found it necessary to go abroad; that they do not have to bother with affairs outside their own country. No wonder then that when the delicate immigration question was handled by men of this kind it was tangled up to the extent it is.

I have always contended that the anti-Japanese agitation in California should have been treated as a local question, and not as a question between the American nation and the Japanese, as it involved but a comparatively small number of immigrants on our part and because it, at first, never extended beyond the boundaries of the State of California. The California question may well be compared to a local disease which appears in a healthy body, such as a small tumor at the tip of a finger which requires but a minor surgical operation. A little effort to influence local business interest of San Francisco, or at the most the prosperity of the State, by trade retaliation, would have silenced the politicians.

'Counter one local interest with another local interest' was the cry I have raised for the past four years, but no, our wise (?) American-Japanese physicians mistook the disease for a deep-rooted one and thought the only cure to be powders and injections at Washington.

Immigration was made an international question between the United States and Japan to the ultimate advantage of neither country. See the result to-day. The local disease upon which the surgical operation was neglected is like an unopened tumor slowly poisoning the entire body. Even the President of the United States can find no remedy.

Many Americans never endorsed the anti-Japanese agitation in California, and if we had resorted to a local action such as trade retaliation, in time many of them would have openly sympathized with us. It is too late now.

Another aspect of American politics we should bear in mind is that America is decidedly a nation of amateurs in foreign policy. Even their diplomats are so-to-speak amateurs recruited from newspapermen, writers, lawyers, and wealthy merchants. Japan trains all her diplomats in the old European school of diplomacy; in hothouses where all kinds of dwarf plants are nurtured. Americans are outspoken and sometimes rough and rude; Japanese are retiring, reticent, concealing their mind, intricate, and too polished and polite. Is there any wonder that they cannot hit it off together!

The Japanese Government has never disputed the American right to restrict immigration. It was quite satisfied with the Gentleman's Agreement or even with a narrower limit which the American Government might have desired to impose before the present Immigration Bill had passed the two Houses of Congress. The dispute therefore has not been over the sub-

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stance of the law, but over Japan's desire not to be humiliated. Japan shunned such a rough handling of the question, and wished a more delicate and subtle solution so that her national pride might not suffer.

Disregarding this desire on the part of the Japanese Government and its people, the American Congress passed a law which clearly makes a racial distinction, and is therefore directed not only against the Japanese, but against the entire colored race of the world. This is clearly a folly.

Calmly and dispassionately considered, I cannot help but feel that it is inconsistent with the self-avowed principles of a Christian nation, and any legislation contrary to Christian ideals must in America be a weak law, which cannot long endure. Should it remain a law, the disgrace is not so much ours as it is that of the authors of the law.

I am inclined to believe that the bill passed Congress in a momentary heat of temper, when, as I have remarked, the members' sensitiveness was offended by an unhappy remark. Once they are cooled down better wisdom will prevail. I believe the best disposal of the question is to let it die a natural death, as I have no doubt it will among the sane thinking people who form the backbone of the American Commonwealth.

We must not cease to fight for the principle of racial equality, but as we would not attempt to launch a boat against a rising tide, so we must wait until a more favorable moment arrives. Let us allow the American people to ponder over the matter coolly. Give them an opportunity to return to their natural sense of fair play and justice. The law must be repealed without outside pressure. It will be to my great surprise if this does not occur, for it would betray America's historical ideals not to do so. Any nation, not to say America, will fall as great Rome fell when its high ideal is lost. We must be patient and self-possessed in the hope that America will bury the bill of her own will.

Let us improve the occasion to reconsider our own social and political status, and particularly our attitude towards our kin of Asia. We must see that there is no room in our hearts for any prejudice against class or race. We must be just to all in like manner as we crave justice for ourselves. If we are unjust towards our kin in Asia; if we look down upon them with scorn; if we ignore their rights; then it would be like waging war without arms or provisions to agitate against any unfair treatment in the American Immigration Bill. There will be no chance of winning the fight.

Perseverance and self-reflection should be our motto. I reiterate that the final solution of the present question rests in our firm determination to be patient until the issue is solved by the sane reflection of the American people themselves, who will ultimately be fair and make the matter right.

There may be several ways to hasten an awakening of this sense of fair play and justice in the American people, but when there are so many among them who neither agree nor sympathize with the spirit of the Immigration Bill, why should we prematurely make the issue a grave international question. The bill is endorsed by but a small section of the American people, not by the whole; therefore no reason exists for enlarging the issue to one between two entire nations. I am of the strong conviction that any agitation at this time will only tend to aggravate the situation and injure the welfare of both America and Japan.

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THE STORY OF A FASCIST

BY A ROME CORRESPONDENT

From *Prager Tagblatt, June 25*
(German-Language Nationalist Liberal Daily)

Matteotti's assassination has dragged into reluctant prominence the biographies of several shady gentlemen who had attached themselves to the chariot of Fascism.

Dumini, the head assassin and paid bravo, is interesting from the pathological standpoint. Cesare Rossi, the head of the Government Press Service and the all-powerful wire-puller of the Interior Department, who made the police wax in the hands of the murderers and their instigators, likewise merits careful study. But the most interesting of all is Filipelli, late editor of *Corriere Italiano*. This man's record throws a ray of lurid light upon the history of an Italian paper founded to preach the gospel of Fascism in Rome, that city of cool heads and disillusioned skeptics.

Filipelli, who is fond of calling himself 'Bold Boy,' comes from a humble bourgeois family in northern Italy. When the war broke out, he bethought himself of a slight physical ailment and escaped enlistment. After the fighting was over, he found friends who recommended him to the Committee for Combating Bolshevism. This Committee was founded in 1919, and needed a salaried traveling secretary to drum up recruits and funds. Filipelli applied for the position. He was a fairly educated, good-looking, well-dressed young fellow of the ingratiating Italian type, with a pleasing manner and good address. In a word, he seemed to be just the man for the position. Nor was this expectation to all appearances disappointed. His persuasive tongue enticed large sums from the pockets of patriotic givers.

Everything seemed to be going well with him until he was called upon to account for his collections. Then came the tragedy. He had spent 180,000 lire for purely personal objects. The Committee after long delay extorted from him the confession that he had never kept a set of books. Crying like a child, he begged his employers on his knees, for the sake of the good name of his family, not to be harsh with him or to call in the police. He would turn over to them all the property he possessed. He handed the members his gold watch, his gold cigarette box and, still kneeling, his pocketbook — which was quite naturally empty. Finally the Committee let him go, and he promptly vanished.

He next appeared upon the scene when the Fascisti were preparing their march on Rome, when he secured a position as an advertising canvasser for *Popolo d'Italia*, Mussolini's militant Milan organ. At that time one of the members of the Committee that had previously had such a sad experience with Filipelli was editing a Fascist paper in that city. One naturally asks why it never occurred to this man to caution Mussolini against Filipelli.

Then came the founding of the *Corriere Italiano*, with two million lire capital, extorted from Milan wholesalers and Genoese shipowners. These gentlemen resisted this demand until Mussolini bluntly told them that they must subscribe if they wished him to

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consider them loyal citizens. When the money was raised Filipelli, at the request of Cesare Rossi, was made editor. Again the gentlemen who knew of the 'Bold Boy's' past kept their mouths shut!

With the founding of *Corriere Italiano* the drama hastens to its catastrophe. Filipelli was a mere tool in the hands of Rossi, and Rossi was determined to prevent Fascism from passing from its revolutionary phase into a constitutional phase. He soon gathered around himself a coterie of men who liked to fish in turbid waters. *Corriere Italiano* made a fine showing — large, sumptuously printed, heavy paper, catchy foreign news, illustrations on every page, special correspondents in every land, the best telegraph service at home! Its articles on foreign policy were supposed either to be written by Mussolini's pen or to be inspired by him. Local Fascisti in every part of Italy were exhorted by the Fascisti Press Bureau to circulate this journal. And Filipelli was its presiding genius. He paid several hundred thousand lire to the most popular and notorious story-writer of Italy, Guido da Verona, whose novels are hidden under every shopgirl's pillow, to write a romance for his paper. The heroine of this tale was Mala-Hari, an actress shot for espionage during the war. Readers certainly got what they wanted, for a more libidinous story never appeared in print.

Filipelli was now a great man. He owned four automobiles, but they were not enough. He had the automobiles of the Ministry of the Interior at his disposal whenever he cared to use them. He built a villa at Rome, bought a house for his family at Milan, and whoever was invited to his table could say that he had dined upon the best that Rome provided. What mattered it that the paper swallowed up its two millions of original capital within two months, and had protested notes for a million and a half more. Filipelli needed only to print a covert threat and more rivers of gold flowed in. Twelve millions were spent within less than ten months. Several hundred thousand lire worth of securities deposited in various banks in Filipelli's name have just been seized by the Government.

The self-infatuated 'Bold Boy' never noticed that he had become a puppet in the hands of the plotting and murderous wire-pullers of the Ministry of the Interior, headed by Rossi, Chief of its Press Division. If he hesitated Rossi had only to scowl to reduce him to instant obedience. He thus became the editorial tool of the most infamous bravoes of Fascism. Serious people ceased to read his paper, but *Mala-Hari* had a pull with the mob. Filipelli continued to spend his nights in revelry with his friends, and to appear at Fascist ceremonies covered with forged decorations.

Then came the Matteotti tragedy. To beat a troublesome member of parliament, who apparently knew too much about Fascist secrets, was just in Filipelli's line. But we do not think he was the sort of man who deliberately goes forth to murder. He was directed to provide an automobile for a 'punitive expedition.' Rossi ordered it. When Filipelli discovered he had become a principal in an assassination, he fainted. But he was now committed, and could no more draw back than could the hired cutthroat Dumini. The police were searching for the corpse, and so it must be put in another place. Filipelli was forced to lead the tragic party that did the job. Coming back from that night journey, he sat down and wrote an explanation for his paper, saying that he had no connection with the assassination; but that he naturally would put himself at the disposal of the courts and tell them all he

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knew. His business instinct, dominant even here, made him issue this statement as an extra edition of his paper, that soon flooded the streets of the excited metropolis. Eager buyers fairly tore it out of the hands of the newsboys.

But though his hands were stained with blood and practically everyone knew it, he was still hypnotized by Rossi. Filipelli must vanish. The police, controlled by irresolute chiefs who feared the anger of those above them, let him escape. Dodging from place to place, he lost touch with the metropolis. He was not aware that an outraged public had at last torn the coverings from villainy in high places. He let himself be received by provincial prefects and passed on to their neighbors. An order for his arrest was pursuing him by telegraph, and quickly overtook him; but heedless Filipelli, the 'Bold Boy' whom all had feared, had a great hotel in the Riviera, already closed for the season, opened for him. He ventured to show himself on the beach at Nervi. Even now he did not fear the police. Old comrades recognized him there, and pointed him out. Thereupon the police had to take action. Filipelli sought to escape in a boat, with a detachable motor, still possessed of the idea that the authorities were not really hunting for him in earnest. Only when the handcuffs were finally snapped on his wrists did he realize the true situation, and exclaimed: 'I am lost.'

BISMARCK AT HOME: 1885

BY THE ARCHDEACON OF ST. ALBANS

From the *Cornhill Magazine, July*
(London Literary Monthly)

Late in the autumn of 1885 Prince Bismarck expressed a wish that my father, who was President of the Bimetallic League, should come and talk to him about bimetallism; so on October 16 he started for Germany, taking my sister and me with him for a month's holiday abroad.

On the way I got my first lesson as to the value of an official *démenti*, for we found in the *Times* for that morning the following notice: 'We are authorized to contradict the report that Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs has had an interview with Prince Bismarck.' This had been inserted without my father's knowledge, and it was just barely in time to be verbally true! It was probably inserted by the German Embassy, for when my father reached the station at Friedrichsruh he was given a message from Bismarck suggesting that he should come under an assumed name, as there would be another guest at luncheon. The Prince was, I think, the author of the saying that he never believed anything till it had been officially denied!

At Hamburg we found a telegram from Bismarck saying that he had ordered that the eleven-o'clock express should stop at Friedrichsruh next morning; so, leaving my sister at Hamburg, we went by that train and, shin-

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ing with the reflected glory of the great man, we were seen into a reserved compartment by many bowing officials. My father expected an interview of about an hour, and I intended to remain at the station till he came back, but when we reached our destination we found Bismarck's son-in-law, Count Ranzau, waiting on the platform, and he kindly pressed me to come up to the house. I refused, thinking that I should be very much in the way, and Ranzau said, 'Ah, I see, you want a proper invitation from the Princess; you are quite right, I will go and get it!'

Accordingly he and my father drove off to the house, which was only about three hundred yards from the station, and very soon he came back with the 'proper invitation' and all was well. He took me straight to the library, and as I went in he announced me as 'the prodigal son.' Bismarck was at the end of a long room, and I can see him now, a tremendous figure, very tall and very large, standing up and laughing at the introduction and holding out his hand, with his two great Danish hounds, one on each side of him.

He was most kind and friendly, and just as I came in he was expatiating to my father on the determination of the French to fight in 1870 with or without reason, and above all to crow!

At twelve o'clock we had a large and long meal, including smoked goose and other delights. My father sat next Princess Bismarck, who was very pleasant but not able to speak much English, and after luncheon, when the cigars were handed round, he asked her whether she minded his smoking, on which Bismarck roared out, 'Why, she smokes herself!' This was in 1885, when it was very unusual for a lady to smoke, so a vigorous effort was made by his daughter to induce him to behave properly; but he took no notice of her repeated and reproachful cries of 'Father! she does n't! Father!' and shouted, 'She does, she does, in her bedroom she does!' It turned out that the poor lady suffered from asthma, and smoked medicated cigarettes to relieve it.

Besides the family there was Herr Lindau from the Foreign Office at Berlin, who was evidently quite at home and possibly held some official position with the Chancellor. He spoke English excellently and told me that he sometimes wrote articles for Blackwood's. There was also, as we had been warned, another visitor besides ourselves. We understood that he was the Oberpräsident of a province, and he left before luncheon was over. Bismarck seemed much annoyed with him, and told us that he had insisted on coming, but had really nothing to say which he could not have written on half a sheet of note-paper, and had only come in order to be able to say that he had dined with the Chancellor.

'You will understand,' Bismarck added, 'that in everything but name I am King of Germany, but I have not all the privileges of a King and I cannot simply say I am not disposed to receive so-and-so.' It appeared, however, that even the most pressing visitors sometimes failed to get in, for Bismarck told us the following story: —

'A man called and sent in word that he wanted to see me, and I said that he could n't. He then sent in to say that he must see me, and I said that he should n't; and he sent in a third time to say that if he did not see me he should go and hang himself on one of the trees, and I told the servant to find a rope and lend it to him!'

As we sat down to luncheon I asked Countess Ranzau whether the bread that lay between us was hers or mine, and she said that she never ate bread, and added, with rather embarrassing frankness, 'You see, I am very fat and

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you are very thin, and between us we should just about make two ordinary people.'

The Prince was interesting about the estate at Friedrichsruh: —

'It was given me,' he said, 'by the King my master' — that was his constant phrase for the old Emperor William. 'He gave it to me after the Franco-German War, and chose this particular place as his gift because he knew my love for trees. There are 25,000 acres, and as I cannot spend my revenues I am able to keep it all in good condition.'

He offered to take us for a drive in the woods in the afternoon, and when my father said that we ought to be going they pressed us to stay till after dinner, and told us that an express would be passing through the station between nine and ten, and that they would order it to be stopped and take us back to Hamburg.

Then we were taken up to rest for an hour, each in a separate sitting-room, but as soon as their backs were turned I joined my father in his room, as I felt an urgent need to crow to somebody over this entirely unexpected and amazingly interesting experience.

When the time came for our drive, what they called a Pomeranian mist was falling and Bismarck made us each put on one of his light greatcoats; I hope they reached his heels, for on us they trailed and we had to hold them up when we got out, as we did from time to time, to look at one of his favorite trees. There were two carriages; Ranzau and Lindau came in the second with me, and in the first Bismarck and my father had their bimetallic talk, and the latter told me afterward that he was greatly impressed with Bismarck's full and accurate knowledge of this complicated subject in all its bearings.

During luncheon and dinner, and indeed all through the day, Bismarck talked freely about personages and politics both English and European. Whenever he mentioned the old Emperor, he spoke with respect and, I think, with affection. The Crown Prince and Princess were not mentioned, but we asked what sort of man young Prince William was, and Bismarck said that he was 'a nice young man, a *very* nice young man.' It would seem that he had in 1885 no prevision of the day so very near at hand when the 'very nice young man' would succeed to the throne and soon afterward come to the conclusion that there was not room Unter den Linden for a young Emperor and a very clever old man who could speak of himself as 'in all but name King of Germany.'

Bismarck mentioned Queen Victoria with deference, and he talked of Beaconsfield with admiration and affection. He told us that he had three houses, and that in each of his three libraries he had a picture of Lord Beaconsfield.

He spoke as if he despised and disliked Gladstone, and talked of his 'extraordinary follies' in Sudan and blamed him for the death of General Gordon.

Of Chamberlain he said, 'I do not like your Mr. Chamberlain, and now that my son Herbert has sent me a photograph of him I have formed a worse opinion of him than ever, he looks so impertinent. I wish Dilke had come to the front instead.'

He asked my father what we in England thought of his action about the Caroline Islands, and what he called the 'foolish fuss' with Spain, and my father said that it was thought to have been very clever, and Bismarck laughed and said, 'I think it was, especially my asking the Pope to arbitrate, and the more so because his decision is of no importance to me whatever.' There had been an article, I think, in the

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Spectator, a week or two before, suggesting that Bismarck had got up the whole trouble in order to give himself the opportunity of making a friendly gesture to the Pope.

He also spoke of the Bulgarian troubles, and I remember how he thumped on the table with his great fist and said, 'I shall not allow these petty tribes to disturb the peace; I want peace, and it is not to be borne that some two million sheep-stealing ruffians should disturb the millions of Europe — it is impertinence.' Probably he was the one man in the world who could have said that tremendous 'I shall not allow' without being guilty of empty boasting.

The frankness or apparent frankness of his talk was surprising, but it was a cynical saying of his that it was just as cheap to tell the truth as to tell lies, and quite as effective, for the truth is never believed in diplomacy. Another saying of his which impressed me, though I do not remember the context, was 'In matters of national policy I never put down my right foot till I know where I am going to put my left; that is a lesson which I learned in my youth in the Pomeranian marshes.'

At dinner we each had, I think, seven wine-glasses and at least one tumbler, and I drank nothing but water! My host noticed and deplored this, and though he courteously tolerated it he could not refrain from a slight outburst against what he called the temperance craze in England, and against the fanatical attacks on moderate drinking. It is recorded of him that at one time he did his moderate drinking in large glasses of champagne and porter mixed, and that once Moltke gave him a sort of punch made of champagne, hot tea, and sherry.

After dinner we all went into the drawing-room, and there everyone shook hands and we wished each other a blessing on the meal — an old German custom, they told us. Then we sat down, and all the Germans, including the ladies, drank beer. Princess Bismarck brought us some of her husband's big cigars and lighted them for us, and the big man himself smoked a pipe three feet long with a very large china bowl. He spoke with regret of the good time when he used to be able to smoke large cigars all day long, lighting the first as soon as he woke up and before he got out of bed; but the doctor had forbidden cigars, and all smoking, till after dinner, and then allowed only four pipes. 'So,' said Bismarck, 'I sent for the largest pipe I could buy.' 'Yes,' said his daughter, 'and if I don't watch you very closely you have five of them instead of four.'

Bismarck was in great spirits all the evening, laughing and talking and chaffing everybody. He wanted to know whether I was married, and said that as a clergyman of the Church of England I ought to be; both he and the Princess quoted passages from the *Vicar of Wakefield* in support of that view; it was surprising to hear him pouring out the *Vicar of Wakefield* as if he knew the whole book by heart. He told us that it was always the first English book which a German was set to read. My father said that his sons were idle about getting married, and I answered that if only he had forbidden us to marry we should probably have done it long ago; on which Bismarck said, 'Ah! I see it is a case of obstination in the family: your father will have his way with me about bimetallism and you are obstinate with him — father and son!'

'Obstination' was one of the very few mistakes I heard him make, for his command of the English language was remarkable. His accent was not bad and his vocabulary was very good. One other little verbal slip he made when a

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dish of mince and eggs was being handed round and he pressed my father to take an egg, on the ground that he would find it 'very convenient' with the mince. Many things might be truly said of a soft poached egg in that position, but 'convenient' is not, I think, one of them.

A reference to *David Copperfield* by Countess Ranzau amused us. She had a little boy sitting on her lap, and I asked her if she had a daughter. 'No,' she said, 'but before this little boy was born I made up my mind that it would be a little girl; but it was a boy, and "Betsey Trotwood" never came!'

Bismarck's two great hounds never left him except when he went to see the Emperor. The elder of the two sat staring at us for some time and then walked solemnly across the room, licked our hands, and walked back to her master. He was much interested and said that he had never known her make friendly advances to a stranger before. They were, he said, inclined to be savage, and no one, not even a member of his own family, dared touch them unless he first gave an order to the dog. They slept in his room, and when his wife and daughter came in to say good-night to him after he was in bed the great dog always got up from its sleeping-place and stood by the bed to protect him. He also told us that he liked to go out at night for a walk in the dark, and that the two dogs were better protection for him than a guard of soldiers.

In the course of the evening he sent for a large English dictionary, and announced that he was going to prove to my father that he did not know his own language. It was lucky that he did not select me for the experiment, for he found a quantity of dictionary words most of which I had never heard, but my father, who had a remarkably retentive memory, and had been correcting the proofs of the Oxford Dictionary for years, told Bismarck what all the words meant and all about them. At the end of twenty minutes Bismarck shut the book up with a slam and said, 'I give you my word you are the first man I ever met who knew his own language, and I have done this to almost every foreigner who has spent any time in my house.'

He complained very much of the growing habit of printing German books in the Roman alphabet; he said that he could only read them with difficulty, and that when they were printed in the German alphabet he could run his eye over the page and tell at a glance whether he wanted to read it or not, while in the other alphabet he had to read every word to find out whether they were worth reading.

Soon after nine o'clock we left, and Bismarck gave us each a signed photograph and asked us each to send him two photographs, one for him and one for the Princess.

Ranzau and Lindau came to the station to see us off, and the latter told me that latterly Bismarck had refused to receive even Germans if he could possibly avoid it, and that foreigners were as a rule absolutely barred; also that with the exception of Beaconsfield and a few personal friends he had not at any time been willing to receive Englishmen, and that it was almost certain that there were not five living Englishmen to whom he had given his photograph. Lindau was, I think, unfeignedly surprised at the great friendliness with which we had been entertained and at the length of time that Bismarck had kept us with him. Bismarck was, I suppose, at that time the most interesting personality in the world, and we were undeniably fortunate.

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IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

From *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly, July* 19
(London Popular Weekly)

All autobiographies are lies. I do not mean unconscious, unintentional lies: I mean deliberate lies. No man is bad enough to tell the truth about himself during his lifetime, involving, as it must, the truth about his family and friends and colleagues. And no man is good enough to tell the truth to posterity in a document which he suppresses until there is nobody left alive to contradict him.

I speak with the more confidence on the subject because I have myself tried the experiment, within certain timid limits, of being candidly autobiographical. But I have produced no permanent impression, because nobody has ever believed me. I once told a brilliant London journalist some facts about my family. It is a very large family, running to about forty first cousins and to innumerable seconds and thirds. Like most large families, it did not consist exclusively of teetotalers; nor did all its members remain until death up to the very moderate legal standard of sanity. One of them discovered an absolutely original method of committing suicide. It was simple to the verge of triteness; yet no human being had ever thought of it before. It was also amusing. But in the act of carrying it out, my relative jammed the mechanism of his heart — possibly in the paroxysm of laughter which the mere narration of his suicidal method has never since failed to provoke — and, if I may be allowed to state the result in my Irish way, he died about a second before he succeeded in killing himself. The coroner's jury found that he died 'from natural causes'; and the secret of the suicide was kept, not only from the public, but from most of the family.

I revealed that secret in private conversation to the brilliant journalist aforesaid. He shrieked with laughter, and printed the whole story in his next *causerie*. It never for a moment occurred to him that it was true. To this day he regards me as the most reckless liar in London. Meanwhile, the extent to which I stood compromised with my relative's widow and brothers and sisters may be imagined.

If I were to attempt to write genuine autobiography here the same difficulty would arise. I should give mortal offense to the few relatives who would know that I was writing the truth; and not one of the thousands of readers of *T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* would believe me.

I am in the further difficulty that I have not yet ascertained the truth about myself. For instance, am I mad or sane? I really do not know. Doubtless I am clever in certain directions: my talent has enabled me to cut a figure in my profession in London. But a man may, like Don Quixote, be clever enough to cut a figure and yet be stark mad. A critic has described me, with deadly acuteness, as having 'a kindly dislike of my fellow creatures.' Perhaps dread would have been nearer the mark than dislike; for man is the only animal of which I am thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never

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thought much of the courage of a lion-tamer.

Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility; in short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat. In the Spanish-American War the Americans burned the Spanish fleet, and finally had to drag the wounded men out of the hulls which had become furnaces. The effect of this on one of the American commanders was to make him assemble his men and tell them that he wished to declare before them that he believed in God Almighty. No lion would have done that. On reading it, and observing that the newspapers, representing normal public opinion, seemed to consider it a very creditable, natural, and impressively pious incident, I came to the conclusion that I must be mad. At all events, if I am sane, the rest of the world ought not to be at large. We cannot both see things as they really are.

My father was an Irish Protestant gentleman. He had no money, no education, no profession, no manual skill, no qualification of any sort for any definite social function. But he had been brought up to believe that there was an inborn virtue of gentility in all Shaws, since they revolved impecuniously in a sort of vague second-cousinship round a baronetcy. He had by some means asserted his family claim on the State with sufficient success to attain a post in the Four Courts (the Irish *Palais de Justice*).

The post was abolished, and he was pensioned off. He sold the pension, and embarked with the proceeds in the corn trade, of which he had not the slightest knowledge; nor did he acquire much, as far as I can judge, to the day of his death. There was a mill a little way out in the country, which was attached to the business as a matter of ceremony, and which perhaps paid its own rent, since the machinery was generally in motion. But its chief use, I believe, was to amuse me and my boon companions, the sons of my father's partner.

I believe Ireland, as far as the Protestant gentry are concerned, to be the most irreligious country in the world. I was christened by a clerical uncle; and as my godfather was intoxicated and did not turn up, the sexton was ordered to promise and vow in his place, precisely as my uncle might have ordered him to put more coals on the vestry fire. I was never confirmed, and I believe my parents never were, either. The seriousness with which English families take this rite, and the deep impression it makes on many children, was a thing of which I had no conception. Protestantism in Ireland is not a religion: it is a side in political faction, a class prejudice, a conviction that Roman Catholics are socially inferior persons, who will go to Hell when they die, and leave Heaven in the exclusive possession of ladies and gentlemen.

In my childhood I was sent on Sundays to a Sunday school, where genteel little children repeated texts, and were rewarded with little cards inscribed with other texts. After an hour of this we were marched into the adjoining church, to fidget there until our neighbors must have wished the service over as heartily as we did. I suffered this, not for my salvation, but because my father's respectability demanded it. When we went to live in the country, remote from social criticism, I broke with the observance and never resumed it.

What helped to make this church a hotbed of all the social vices was that no working folk ever came to it. In

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England the clergy go among the poor, and sometimes do try desperately to get them to come to church. In Ireland the poor are Catholics — 'Papists,' as my Orange grandfather called them. The Protestant Church has nothing to do with them. Its snobbery is quite unmitigated. I cannot say that in Ireland every man is the worse for what he calls his religion. I can only say that all the people I knew were.

One evening I was playing in the street with a schoolfellow of mine when my father came home. He questioned me about this boy, who was the son of a prosperous ironmonger. The feelings of my father, who was not prosperous, and who sold flour by the sack, when he learned that his son had played in the public street with the son of a man who sold nails by the pennyworth in a shop, are not to be described. He impressed on me that my honor, my self-respect, my human dignity all stood upon my determination not to associate with persons engaged in retail trade. Probably this was the worst crime my father ever committed. And yet I do not see what else he could have taught me, short of genuine republicanism, which is the only possible school of good manners.

I remember Stopford Brooke one day telling me that he discerned in my books an intense and contemptuous hatred for society. No wonder! — though, like him, I strongly demur at the usurpation of the word 'society' by an unsocial system of setting class against class and creed against creed.

If I had not suffered from these things in my childhood perhaps I could keep my temper about them. To an outsider there was nothing but comedy in the spectacle of a forlorn set of Protestant merchants in a Catholic country, led by a miniature plutocracy of stockbrokers, doctors, and land agents, and flavored by that section of the landed gentry who were too heavily mortgaged to escape to London, playing at being a Court and an aristocracy with the assistance of the unfortunate exile who had been persuaded to accept the post of Lord-Lieutenant. To this pretense, involving a prodigious and continual lying as to incomes and the social standing of relatives, were sacrificed citizenship, self-respect, freedom of thought, sincerity of character, and all the realities of life, its votaries gaining in return the hostile estrangement of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen, and in their own class the supercilious snubs of those who had outdone them in pretension and the jealous envy of those whom they had outdone.

And now, what power did I find in Ireland religious enough to redeem me from this abomination of desolation? Quite simply, the power of Art.

My mother, as it happened, had a considerable musical talent. In order to exercise it seriously she had to associate with other people who had musical talent. My first childish doubt as to whether God could really be a good Protestant was suggested by my observation of the deplorable fact that the best voices available for combination with my mother's in the works of the great composers had been unaccountably vouchsafed to Roman Catholics. Even the Divine gentility was presently called in question; for some of these vocalists were undeniably connected with retail trade.

There was no help for it: if my mother was to do anything but sing silly ballads in drawing-rooms, she had to associate herself on an entirely republican footing with people of like artistic gifts, without the smallest reference to creed or class.

Nay, if she wished to take part in the Masses of Haydn and Mozart, which had not then been forgotten, she must

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actually permit herself to be approached by Roman Catholic priests, and even, at their invitation, to enter that house of Belial the Roman Catholic Chapel (in Ireland the word church, as applied to a place of worship, denoted the Protestant denomination), and take part in their services. All of which led directly to the discovery, hard to credit at first, that a Roman Catholic priest could be as agreeable and cultivated a person as a Protestant clergyman was supposed, in defiance of bitter experience, always to be; and, in short, that the notion that the courtly distinctions of Dublin society corresponded to any real human distinctions was as ignorant as it was pernicious. If religion is that which binds men to one another, and irreligion that which sunders, then must I testify that I found the religion of my country in its musical genius, and its irreligion in its churches and drawing-rooms.

THE GOLDEN AGE

BY ARKADII AVERCHENKO

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, June* 12
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

As soon as I reached St. Petersburg I went to see my old friend Stremglavoff, the newspaper reporter.

'Stremglavoff,' said I, 'I want to become famous.'

Stremglavoff nodded good-naturedly, drummed on the table with his fingers, puffed at his cigarette, twirled the ash tray about, tapped the floor with one foot — he always did several things at once — and replied, 'Nowadays many want to become famous.'

'I am not "many,"' I replied gently.

'Have you written anything for some time?' asked Stremglavoff.

'What? Written anything?'

'Yes, I mean really composed anything?'

'But you know I don't write.'

'Yes, that is so. That is to say you have another line. You hope to become a second Rubens?'

'My ear is no good,' I confessed honestly.

'Ear?'

'So that I could become a — what-you-call-them — musician.'

'Hold on, my dear friend — slowly, slowly with your high horse. Rubens was not a musician. He was a painter.'

But not being interested in painting, I could not be expected to keep track of all the Russian daubers, and I told Stremglavoff as much, adding, 'But anyhow, I *can* draw monograms for underwear.'

'Won't do. Have you appeared on the stage?'

'Yes. But when I started to declare my love for the heroine my voice sounded as if I had been asking for a tip for moving her piano. The manager did say I 'd do better at piano-moving, and drove me away.'

'And still you want to become famous?'

Stremglavoff ran his fingers through the hair on the back of his neck and did

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several other things at the same time. He took a match, wrapped it in paper and then threw it into the waste basket, looked at his watch, wound it, and then said: 'Very well. You shall be made famous. In a way, you know, it is not so bad that you mix up Rubens and Robinson Crusoe and carry pianos on your back. It makes you sort of intangible.'

He patted me on the shoulder and promised to do everything in his power.

The next day I saw in the newspaper under the heading of 'Art News' the following strange notice: 'Kandybin is on the road to recovery.'

'Look here, Stremglavoff,' I said when I reached his room. 'Why am I on the road to recovery? I have n't been ill.'

'Yes,' said Stremglavoff, 'you must have been. The first news about you must be something pleasant. The public likes to hear that someone is on the road to recovery.'

'But suppose someone should ask: "What Kandybin is that?"'

'Nobody will ask that. Everyone will only say, "Is that so? I thought he was worse."'

'Stremglavoff, they will all forget about me at once.'

'To be sure! But to-morrow I'll write this: "In the condition of the venerable — " What do you want to be? Author? Artist?'

'Author, perhaps.'

'In the condition of the venerable author, Kandybin, a slight deterioration has taken place. Yesterday he was able to eat only one chop and two soft-boiled eggs and his temperature was $100\frac{1}{2}$.'"

'Do you need a picture yet?'

'It is too early. Please excuse me; the notice about the chop ought to be sent in at once.'

And, worried, he set off.

With cool curiosity I watched my new life. I regained my health, slowly but surely. My temperature sank, the number of chops I had consumed increased, and I became strong enough to eat eggs not only soft- but hard-boiled. Finally I not only regained my health, but dared to risk an adventure.

'Yesterday,' said one paper, 'an event took place at a railroad station that may end in a duel. A certain Kandybin became so enraged at a remark by a former Captain C. about the literature of Russia that he boxed his ear. The two antagonists then exchanged cards.'

This event was much discussed in the newspapers. Some editors wrote that I ought to abstain from meeting the captain, because a box on the ear was not a sufficient insult and that society ought to protect young talent in bloom.

One paper said editorially: 'The story of Pushkin is repeated in our own troubled times. Soon Kandybin will probably expose his forehead to Captain C.'s bullet. And we ask, "Is that right? On one side we find Kandybin; on the other — a wholly unknown Captain C."'

'We are convinced,' wrote another, 'that Kandybin's friends will not allow him to fight a duel.'

A great sensation was caused by the announcement that Stremglavoff (a close friend of the writer) had sworn, in case of an unhappy ending, to fight Captain C. himself.

Several reporters came to see me.

'Tell us,' they said, 'why you boxed the Captain's ear.'

'You must have read that yourselves,' I replied. 'He said something cutting about Russian literature. The brazen man said that Aivazovskii was a wretched and untalented author.'

'But Aivazovskii was an artist,' they exclaimed in surprise.

'That makes no difference,' I replied

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sternly, 'great names should be held sacred.'

To-day I learned that the Captain had scornfully refused to fight, and that I am to take a trip to Yalta.

When I met Stremglavoff I asked him: 'Are you tired of me, since you have sent me away?'

'It has to be done. The public must get its breath. Next I'll write this way: "Kandybin is on his way to Yalta and there in the glorious atmosphere of the South he hopes to complete the work he has already begun!"'

'And what work have I begun?'

'A drama, "At the Edge of the Grave."'

'Will the managers demand the right to produce it?'

'Of course. Then you must say that when you had finished it you were dissatisfied with it and threw three acts on the fire. That always impresses the public tremendously.'

In a week I learned that I had had an accident in Yalta. While climbing a mountain precipice I fell and sprained an ankle. The old tiresome story about absolute rest, chops, and soft-boiled eggs began all over again.

When I got well I started on a trip to Rome. Why not? My trivial doings lacked all logical continuity.

In Nice I bought a villa, but did not live in it. Instead I went to Brittany to finish a comedy, 'In the Morning Flush of Life.' A fire in my house destroyed the manuscript and consequently, idiotic as it may sound, I next acquired a piece of land near Nuremberg.

This senseless chasing around the world and aimless waste of money wore me out, so that one day I went to see Stremglavoff and peremptorily spoke my mind: 'I am tired. I want to celebrate my jubilee.'

'What jubilee?'

'My twenty-fifth anniversary as an author.'

'Too much, seeing that you have been in St. Petersburg only three weeks. How about a tenth anniversary?'

'Fine,' I replied; 'Ten years well spent are worth more than twenty-five years of thoughtless drift.'

'You talk like Tolstoi!' exclaimed Stremglavoff with enthusiasm.

'So much the better,' I said, 'I know nothing about Tolstoi, but he'll soon know about me.'

To-day I celebrated the tenth anniversary of the beginning of my career as an author and public lecturer.

During the festive dinner an aged writer (I don't know his name) made a speech.

'You have been greeted,' he said, 'as a champion of the ideals of youth, as a singer of the poverty and sufferings of the fatherland — I 'll add only three words of a personal nature, but they are rooted in the depth of my soul: Greetings to you, Kandybin!'

'Fine day, fine day,' I replied heartily, deeply flattered. 'How do you do?'

Then they all kissed me.

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THE LADIES SINCE THE WAR

BY MARCEL PRÉVOST

[*M. Marcel Prévost, of the French Academy, is famous as a novelist who has devoted himself almost entirely to the analysis of the feminine mind; but he is almost equally famous for his series of* Billets à Françoise, *in which for years he has discussed almost every phase of French life, and which he continues in this article.*]

From *Le Figaro, May* 14
(FRENCH RADICAL-PARTY DAILY)

THE war, like all great revolutions, produced both saints and fools among our women — more saints than fools, no doubt, but a good many fools, too. Homes without heads, firesides without husbands, children without masters — and all this for five years on end! Even at the conclusion of five years' peace, the moral wreckage is not yet repaired. In earlier letters, my dear Françoise, I have dealt with various examples of just this decay: the crisis in modesty, the crisis in intellect, the crisis in relations between the sexes, the crisis in marriage, the crisis in money. After each detailed inventory we made up our minds that the account resulted in a loss for woman, — sometimes serious, sometimes trifling, — but never in a gain.

To me, the most important loss lay in the fact that woman's progress toward the conquest of her own personality — which had begun in the last years of the nineteenth century and gone victoriously forward during twenty years, having first been mysteriously blocked during the confused years that preceded the great catastrophe — was finally halted by the war and has never since got under way again with full vigor. As a mental phenomenon it was truly extraordinary. At the height of the fighting — between the Marne and Verdun, for example — it was possible to prophesy that the war would advance woman's social achievement by fifty years. French women rivaled one another in their endeavor to make up for the absence of men by their own courage and endurance. In the factories, in the offices, in stores and municipal services, at the plough, in the stable, at the threshing machine or the wine press, they kept up the labor supply without which the life of our country could not go on, and we have had to admit that, though their strength was less and though they lacked training, they acquitted themselves marvelously.

Might it not have been reasonable to prophesy, then, that at the close of the war they would have claimed for their own these activities for which they had shown themselves so capable, and that, without claiming the right to reserve everything for themselves, they would at least have argued logically from the terrible lack of men that they should be allowed to keep some part of what they had won? Would not the men who had, alas, been slain, naturally leave their places to the living women who had five years' work behind them? Was n't this what was predicted? And would not woman's cause have progressed several decades at a stroke? For you yourself know very well, Françoise, that women have shown

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their equality, not with the ballot, but by wielding the implements of labor.

Now what actually did happen?

The war ended, and not only did the men who came back from the front, exhausted and for a while disinclined to effort, meet with no struggle to recover their places, but for a time some positions even went begging because the women were in such haste to give them up at the first salvos of the Armistice. Don't accept the foolish explanation that the public authorities and masculine trades-unions compelled the women to yield up their jobs. For who was there to replace the million and a half men that would never return? The plain and undeniable truth is that, both in the fields and in the cities, the women were ready to give up their places to those who could handle them better. Through patriotism or from necessity they had filled these positions faithfully, but they gave them up with joy.

They gave them up and, as if worn out with the effort, fell back upon their sex with a kind of fury. While the men, returning to power and to their work, went gravely ahead in a political way, producing legislation that was of an increasingly feminist trend, their ungrateful beneficiaries seemed intent on winning credit for being more thoroughly women than they had ever been — in the sense in which 'woman' means the opposite of 'man.' Like schoolboys fresh from school, they burst forth with gambols, laughter, and shouts. I have tried to describe that strange period in the first part of my novel, *Les Don Juanes*. Let me invite you to go back to it. Jazz-bands, shimmies, daring clothing. Oh, it is true, the convinced feminists, stern little group that they were, might continue their meritorious endeavors, their reports and conferences and congresses on the emancipation of women, but the great feminine mass neither followed nor listened to them — they had chosen their own kind of emancipation and needed no organization to provide it for them.

'But, uncle, what has all this to do with fashions?'

You explained that yourself just now, Françoise. It was you yourself who said: 'Look at our contemporaries! Fashions have never been more bizarre or more costly. There never was a time when their tyranny was felt so thoroughly among all women, rich or poor.' This is quite true. Once more the law of history is being verified: when serious people — I mean those who occupy themselves with a serious part of masculine life, with study, with travel, with industry, with politics — begin to take interest in woman, she renounces fashion without realizing it and endeavors to simplify it, to free it of its absurdities.

When, on the other hand, the intellectual tide turns against woman, when she discovers that men are working for her, she delights to become herself an object of diversion and of luxury and envies them none of their prerogatives of importance and authority which force them to work; and fashion begins to exercise upon her an incredible attraction. She devotes herself passionately to it; and the more fashion contradicts good sense, the more it becomes the foe of well-balanced accounts and — let us venture the words — comic, indecent, and trivial, — in short, the more it is 'fashion,' — the more she loves it. That was the case during the Directoire, that is the case to-day.

At the present moment this is having a curious verification. At the first glance the mode to-day does not pain the eye with such monstrosities as the pannier, the three-story headdresses, the crinolines, bustles, and shackling petticoat. How can we describe the

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fashion of the present day so that the readers of this letter twenty years from now — if it has any — will be able to understand it readily?

Have you ever seen our municipal firemen at drill? They have a long canvas tube, down the inside of which the dwellers on the fourth story of a burning building can slide without too much danger. Well, cut up this long canvas tube in lengths of about a woman's height, so that her feet can stick out below and her head and neck above, and you will have the design of the modern gown. Hitherto there has been nothing more absurd in the way of feminine attire. This is the ultimate limit. This inoffensive-appearing tube is really designed to mask the form of a woman's body — not out of modesty, like the touching costumes of our Sisters of Charity, but in order that the wearer, inscribed between these parallel lines, may not be distinguished in any way from a boy of the same age, as he would appear were he enclosed in such a sheet.

Behold the great discovery of messieurs the modern couturiers! This boyification is completed by the radical fashion of chopping off the hair on a level with the neck, but as no fashion — not even the most simplified in appearance — could do without some kind of absurdity, these boyified women continue to wear Chinese slippers which uncover three quarters of the foot and hunch up the heel on a stilt ten centimetres high with nothing masculine about it.

NAPOLEON'S HANDWRITING

BY OTTO ROBOLSKY

From *Vossische Zeitung, February* 29
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

NAPOLEON'S handwriting is one of the most remarkable and interesting that can be imagined, though it presents the greatest puzzles to everyone and especially to the graphologist. This minute, hasty, obscure scrawl, which not infrequently is wholly illegible, seems a complete contradiction of the genius's character. It cannot be explained, at least completely, even by the increasing burden of work that devolved upon him.

When he was at the height of his fame, Napoleon bestowed a pension upon his former writing-master, but — as one of his secretaries later observed — never was pension less deserved. He was quite right. Even as a young man, Napoleon already wrote a very bad hand. His letters from the military school at Brienne and those he wrote a few years later in Paris — to the composition of which he devoted an incredible amount of pains — are nevertheless written in an obscure and awkward script which contrasts sharply with the striking freedom and clarity of his judgment. In later life Napoleon was well aware that his hand was execrable. He found the exertion of writing disagreeable, for it seemed as though his hand could not keep pace with the swift flight of his thought; and with every

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year of his rise, letters in his own handwriting become less and less frequent. He wrote them as a rule only to his wife, or in any case only to his nearest relatives. Other letters he dictated, adding only his signature and occasionally short supplementary notes. For the average collector possession of a holograph letter of Napoleon's belongs to the category of dreams never to be fulfilled. In recent years even those scraps of writing which he merely signed have risen in price in spite of the fact that new ones are continually coming on the market and that more than twenty-five thousand extant letters, documents, and other communications are known to bear his signature. To be sure, not all these signatures are complete, for they too underwent a gradual evolution.

In Napoleon's early letters we find his name written in the original Italian form, 'Buonaparte,' and sometimes, during the lifetime of his father, 'Buonaparte Fils.' Even when he was Chief of the French Army he still retained the Italian form of his name. At this particular time his handwriting is unusually large and legible, and his signature is completed by a vigorous stroke underneath. A close connection between the letters *a* and *p* — which is occasionally found even earlier and which later becomes so characteristic in the name 'Napoleon' — is also very marked. When he became General-in-Chief of the Italian Army, he abandoned the Italian form of the name and definitely adopted the French 'Bonaparte,' not only in his signature, but also in his set headings. He retained this method of signature also as First Consul, and at this time the name is almost always written out complete, although its outline is constantly becoming hastier and more cursory. As Emperor he signed himself 'Napoléon.' Meanwhile, as time went on, the name was becoming constantly less legible, more compact, and gradually shortening first to 'Napol' and then to 'Nap' and finally to a simple 'N,' though, with all its illegibility, the stroke below is never missing.

This development is closely related to Napoleon's methods of work, in which its explanation lies. One of his secretaries, Baron Fain, says in his memoirs: 'Napoleon wrote very badly. The alertness of his mind could not accommodate itself to the awkwardness of his hand. He set down only incomplete letters and scrawled the end of each word. He cast all the requirements of good writing unscrupulously to the winds, and the irregularity of his hand was so bad that he himself had the greatest trouble to read it. That is why he took to dictating, became accustomed to it, and employed this method of working with the greatest skill. His dictation was very much like an interview in which he would turn to his correspondent as if the latter stood there before him and could answer him by word of mouth. Anyone listening at the door might well have thought that they stood there face to face. Taking dictation was his secretary's chief business. It was rarely necessary to write anything of your own. Napoleon did it all himself, but he dictated so fast that the task was hard, and rare was the pen that could follow him.

'When he first set to work he usually began rather slowly, but as he went on he spoke faster and faster as if his mouth warmed up with talking. Then he would rise and move about the room with great strides, and by the time the clock had marked the passing of an hour the swiftness of his stride would mark the increasing or slackening speed of his thought and almost the movement of his phrases. When at length he reached the dominant idea — and each day had its own — he would overflow. This principal idea would recur after-

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ward in all his letters and conversations. Even the words would be retained, so deep and vivid was the impression of his thought in its first form. If one of his chords was struck, it sounded ever after with remarkable exactness in the same tone, and these ready-made phrases were a great aid to the secretary who had to transcribe them. He could see them coming just like the theme of a rondo, and a single sign was enough to mark their place.

'If the Emperor stepped out of his cabinet, his secretary would employ the moment thus left at his disposal to set the papers on the writing-table in order and to collect the answered letters with which the floor was strewn. He was also able to read them over and check most accurately what he had written. In doubtful cases the expression and the circumstances of the petition would show the exact sense of the answer. A secretary was only too glad to be able to set his dictation in order by such means, for it was hard to catch it on the wing. Napoleon, for example, would occasionally confuse technical expressions and proper names so that they were quite unrecognizable. He would often say "Elbe" for "Ebro," "Salamanca" for "Smolensk" and vice versa. I no longer recollect what Polish word in his vocabulary represented Badajoz, but I do remember that when he spoke of Rysope he meant the stronghold of Osopo.'

There were restful intervals in the work when Napoleon would break off for short periods to take up a book, but the arrival of a notice or a dispatch often brought a stormy interview of which Baron Fain gives a vivid and amusing description: —

'Various secretaries would be called in, pen in hand, and before they had had a chance to find seats the Emperor would call out: "Write!" They could hardly get down quick enough the ideas that streamed from his lips. Napoleon would go from one to another dictating. Ménéval would be writing an answer to a Marshal, Fain an order to a Minister, Monnier the outline of a decree, d'Albe an article to appear in the next morning's *Moniteur*, while his aid-de-camp was writing an order for hasty dispatch. He would have done still more dictating, but revision did not go so fast as dictation, and a larger number of secretaries was impractical. A first letter would be laid before him for signature, he would sign it, call for a courier, fold the letter himself, and perhaps burn his fingers if he tried to seal it in person.'

This was his way of working in Paris, and when possible he kept the same staff with him in the field. The first copy of a report on a battle was always sent to the Empress. He never let a bag for a courier close without putting in a word for his wife, though it was always a great trial to him to write legibly.

Even after his fall he kept up the custom of dictating. Immediately on arriving at St. Helena and before settling in Longwood, while he was still at The Briars, the countryseat of the merchant Balcombe, where he had temporary residence, he began to work on his memoirs. He would dictate them to his chamberlain, LasCases, whose son Emmanuel also served sometimes as secretary. Later at Longwood other gentlemen took his dictation, especially Montholon, to whom on the fifteenth of April, 1821, he dictated his will. One day later, with his own hand he wrote a short codicil. A few days after, his condition began to grow steadily worse. On the thirtieth of April for the first time his mind was confused, and the weary struggle with death began which was to last until the fifth of May.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE VAGRANT

BY PAULINE SLENDER

[Sunday Times]

I WILL leave the dust of the City street and the noise of the busy town
For the windy moor and the high hill and the peat-stream flowing brown;
I will keep my watch by the camp-fires where the white cliffs lean to the sea,
And dawn shall wake me with golden hands and the rain shall walk with me.

I will seek the place where gypsies roam and strange, wild songs are sung;
I will find once more the magic paths I knew when earth was young,
And the stars will give me comradeship and the wind will be my friend,
And I will send you the faëry gold that lies at the rainbow's end.

Stretch not your hands, nor bid me stay, I hear the white road's call,
The sun hath kissed the buds from sleep, and I am one with them all;
But I will send you a golden cloak and a pair of silver shoon,
And a dream that the fairies spin from stars on the other side of the moon.

THE BROKEN TOOL

BY EDWARD CARPENTER

[The Nation and the Athenæum]

THE broken tool lies:
In the dust it lies forgotten — but the building goes on without delay.
Who knows what dreams it had — this rusty old shaftless thing?
(Or fancied it had: for what it supposed its own thoughts, were they not the thoughts of the artificer who wielded it? — and *his* thoughts, were they not those of the architect?)
Dreams of the beautiful finished structure, white with its myriad pinnacles, against the sky;
Dreams of days and years of busy work, and the walls growing beneath it;
Dreams of its own glory — absurd dreams of a temple built with one tool!
Who knows? — and who cares?
In the dust it lies broken now and unnoticed;
But the building goes on without delay.

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A COMMUNIST CARTOONIST

GEORGE GROSS, one of the most provocative figures in the modern world of German art, after having fallen foul of the German courts, has of late been expounding his ideas to his fellow-Communists in France, who like all good Communists recognize no national lines — or try not to — and do their best to concentrate their emotions on the lines between the classes.

To the ordinary mind, Gross's drawings correspond with his name, but to his sympathizers he appears rather as an idealist, though the drawings which give visible form to his ideals are acridly harsh and bitter. Gross devotes himself to the more advanced phases of Expressionism and preaches specifically the doctrines of the German branch of the Dada cult. Further explanation must be left to Herr Gross himself, for these doctrines are strictly caviar — or at least fishy — to the general. His explanations are hardly intelligible to the lay mind. That way madness lies for all save Dadaist brains, which may be mad already (unless they are merely inclined to hoaxing, a suspicion from which they are by no means free).

The Communist has occasionally elicited favorable comment even from his bourgeois foes, as for example when he drew the scenery for Georg Kaiser's play, *Folk-Piece, 1923*, presented at the Lustspielhaus in Berlin last December. The vigor of the drawing partly accounts for this success, which was likewise aided by the restraining hand of a stern stage-manager, who contrived to eliminate some of the usual brutality.

A few months ago Gross and his publishers were haled into court on a charge of 'wounding the moral susceptibilities of normal persons.' (The conventional superiority of European comment upon similar occurrences in our own country rises ironically in the American mind.) Gross had published a collection of a hundred cartoons representing the baser aspects of life in Berlin. A Socialist deputy of the Reichstag aided by another attorney undertook the defense. Max Osborn, the art critic, and Maximilian Harden, editor of *Die Zukunft*, were called as witnesses for the defense. Both were unanimous in their tributes to the artist, but the presiding judge would none of them. This is part of his comment, which has a very familiar ring in American ears: —

'Many deplorable things will always be happening in this world; of that there can be no question. Grown-up people know it very well. But what artistic justification is there for depicting these things with so little conceal-

BOURGEOIS

A Gross Cartoon from *Clarté*

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ment? Surely you will admit that the artist must impose a limit upon his own work! If he wishes to create something for himself at home, well and good, let him do so. But if he ventures on publicity, then he should remember that certain limits must be observed. . . . This kind of thing . . . for private purposes, quite all right. But for the public eye, it won't do at all. Besides, we may hope and trust that scenes like those depicted here are of very rare occurrence.'

Gross entered the plea, which is at least as familiar as the judge's solemnly Puritanic observations, that 'such limits do not exist for the artist.' If Mr. Mencken criticized the German arts as he does the American, what would he say to all this?

In an address published in the French Communist weekly *Clarté* — one of the three founders of which was Henri Barbusse, author of *The Squad* — Gross describes the successive stages of his artistic development. The conventional forms of art he early cast aside as quite useless and without significance, partly because he thought they had been pushed to the wall by the advancing technique of mere pictorial reproduction, represented by photography and the motion picture. A hater of the whole human race, he sought to create a fresh technique which would enable him to strike his enemies blows that should cut deep: 'I began to make sketches which were to reflect the hatred that I then felt. I designed, for example, a table occupied by habitués at Siechem's, with men like great masses of flesh, engulfed in abominable gray clothes. To achieve a style that would render harsh grotesqueness and truth and the antipathy I sought to express, I studied immediate manifestations of the artistic instinct. I copied ordinary people's drawings on the walls of public places, for these seemed to me expressions and condensed interpretations of strong feeling. Children's drawings also inspired me because of their naïve quality, and so, little by little, I came to that trenchant style, cutting as a knife, with which I wished to reproduce the observations made under the influence of the all-embracing hatred of mankind that I then felt. I noted down in little notebooks my observations in the streets, in cafés, in variety shows. I took great care in making these and occasionally analyzed my impressions, sometimes even in writing.'

Then came a world war, and the comradeship of military service somewhat softened the implacable artist-misanthropist. His drawings found favor among some of his fellow soldiers and his hatred was gradually withdrawn from mankind as a whole and directed only against the enemies of the working classes.

'To-day,' says Gross, 'I no longer hate men without distinction. To-day I hate evil institutions and their defenders, and if I have any hope at all, it is to behold the disappearance of these institutions and of the class which protects them. My work is devoted to this hope. Millions of men share it with me, but obviously they are neither art-amateurs, nor Mæcenases, nor art dealers. People who wish to call my work "art" can do so only if they share my opinions, that is, if they know that the future belongs to the working classes.'

*

PUGILISTIC OPERA

THE prize ring has at length attained to the dignity of operatic interpretation. No doubt there will be cynics to assert that in rehearsals at least there never has been any great distinction between prize-fighting and grand opera; and some there will be whose memories go

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back to the Caruso-Farrar encounter in *Carmen* just after the heroine's moving-picture experience. But let the cynics gibe if they want to. Dr. Vaughhan Williams's opera, *Hugh the Drover*, which has already had one English production, is the first opera which definitely and seriously introduces a prize fight on the stage and into the score.

Dr. Williams has tried to reconcile romance and pugilism in the style of the old English bards. The chief novelty of his work is found in the prize-ring scene which is musically dealt with, while the wilder episodes of the ring are more or less veiled from the audience by the chorus who impersonate the supposed spectators at the fight.

Mr. H. E. Wortham, musical critic of the London *Morning Post*, gives the following vivid and amusing description of the scene and its music: —

The actual fisticuffs the audience hardly see — if the directions in the score are faithfully observed — as the protagonists fight in the midst of a crowd of villagers. But the whoop of the Showman, a high baritone, of an octave *portamento* to F sharp, when he asks the pair of fighters in the ring if they are ready, the unaccompanied drum-roll while they spar, the comments of the onlookers in double chorus, the strings and wood-wind showing their agitation in triplets, while the trumpets (so far as one may guess from a piano score) have a rythmical common time figure of three notes, and the orchestra's sudden rise of a semitone to the call of 'Time' — all these make a promising first round.

Then Mary, whom they are fighting for — did I not say it was a romantic opera? — intervenes with a little sentiment in the key of C sharp minor, and almost before we know it the strings are off again in the second round, with their triplet figures. We modulate from C minor to A major as Hugh begins to punish the villain John. One chorus applauds Hugh in C major followed by the other cheering John, but less definitely in the major key. John is beginning to get the worst of it. There is a sudden heightening of feeling as John tries to use his knee and the violins rise to the high C when the Showman, in quick recitative, stops the fight. But Hugh insists on continuing, and, after an agitated double chorus has risen to a climax *fff* John is duly knocked out to a cry *portamento*, beginning on the high F sharp. The Showman counts him out on the F sharp of the octave below, and the spectators' exultation is shown by an upward scale passage on the orchestra through four octaves, ending with a salutation 'Hugh the Drover.'

✻

DINING WITH PIERRE LOTI

As most of his readers know, Pierre Loti carried his love of the exotic into his own home, dividing his house, room by room, to represent various epochs of architecture, so that one could pass successively from Egyptian and Arab art through the Italian Renaissance and eventually appreciate the severe graces of mediæval France.

In these odd yet picturesque surroundings Loti loved to receive his friends and delighted in devising fantastic entertainments. The *Journal des Débats* prints his invitation to a dinner which was to be served *comme sous le roi Louis XI*: —

'You love times gone past and perhaps will allow yourself to be ever so little entertained by this faithful reproduction of the fifteenth century. There will be some thirty of us. Let us dine by the light of pine torches in a rough-hewn Gothic hall powdered with the dust of centuries. We shall eat the dishes of the period: roast heron and roast hedgehog shall be brought by pages to the sound of the horn and the cornemuse. One of my minstrels will chant, among other things, a villanelle by François Coppée.

'No one may come except in the strict costume of the period. The

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guests are begged to dress as provincial noblemen, as chevaliers, or as bourgeois. We shall also receive pilgrims and minstrels. There will be a special table for beggars and ragamuffins if any present themselves.

'The hall will be rather dimly lighted, and guests are requested to choose their costumes in dull colors. They must have an air suitable to people who had been sleeping for the last four hundred years in the clothing that they wear. They are warned that forks had not been invented in the fifteenth century and that they will have to get along without them.

*

A FRANCO-DANISH WOMAN DRAMATIST

MADAME KAREN BRAMSEN, Danish by birth and Parisian by adoption, is gradually emerging as a dramatist with an embryonic international reputation. Her first international success was *Le Professeur Klenow*, which was produced at the Odéon in Paris last year by Gémier. Now an adaptation of her *Les félines*, under the title *Tiger Cats*, has been staged at the Savoy Theatre in London.

During the war Madame Bramsen was ardently pro-French, and her vigorous support of the cause of the Allies alienated a section of Danish opinion. She has since then made her home in France, and if she achieves a reputation as a dramatist, it will be as a foreign writer who has become more French than the French. She has accepted all the conventions of the French stage, which is certainly the most conventional and conservative stage in the world, if we except the Oriental. She writes the usual *drame passionel* of the inevitable three-sided geometrical pattern. Love, passion, jealousy, and a monotonous infidelity are her somewhat threadbare stock in trade, and there is the usual revolver shot to ring down the curtain. (No boulevard playwright will ever understand how the distinguished firm of Æschylus, Sophocles et Cie. made out so well in the days of bows and arrows.)

Though the framework of her plays is quite conventional, Madame Bramsen has gone the French dramatists one better in the quality of her construction and characterization. One French critic says, 'Would that more of our own plays were as remarkable.' Her three best-known plays are *Les félines*, which deals with the familiar theme of jealousy and in which Anglo-Saxon critics find too many incredible characters; *Les yeux qui s'ouvrent*, which is to be produced at the Odéon in a short time and which tells a story of theatrical life — and jealousy; and *Le Professeur Klenow*, a grim story of unsatisfied passion which was described in the *Living Age* when it was first produced at the Odéon.

It will be interesting to see how far Madame Bramsen will go in the future, and especially what appeal she will be able to make to non-French audiences. It is worth remembering that Rostand is the only modern French playwright who has any large following outside his own country, with the possible exception of the prolific Sacha Guitry, and both these dramatists owe their chief fame outside France to plays which give up French stage-geometry. Guitry's *Pasteur* — whether its author meant it to be so or not — was practically a return to one form of the Elizabethan chronicle play, and although the geometrically-minded may trail a triangle to its lair in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, Rostand at least employed a triangle of the most impeccable rectangularity and rectitude. Had either play been cast in the conventional French model, each would probably have been a few weeks' wonder on the foreign stage.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Mongol in Our Midst, by Dr. F. G. Crookshank. London: Kegan Paul, 1924. 2*s.* 6*d.*

['Librarian' in the *Saturday Review*]

ANOTHER book of the last week or so worth study is Dr. F. G. Crookshank's *The Mongol in Our Midst*. There is a type of congenital idiot which has long been recognized as Mongolian, and Mongol characteristics once observed can be traced in our native population. The presence of this strain is not due to any interbreeding within historical times, but is rather due to the infiltration of the Alpine or Mongol stock of humanity among the Nordic and Mediterranean races. If this is the case, there must every now and then be a throwback to the original type, and more often an accentuation in the early life of the individual of racial characteristics afterward lost.

Dr. Crookshank goes on to point out homologies between Mongol defectives and the Orang-utan, Negro defectives and the Gorilla, and White defectives and the Chimpanzee. Still more surprisingly, he indicates that there may be a scientific basis of palmistry. The Mongolian imbecile, and indeed the Mongoloid generally, instead of having a distinct line of life and a distinct line of head on his palm, has one transverse line only. It is a very curious subject for a leading man in his profession to write about, and Dr. Crookshank will set a good many people looking out for Mongoloids among their friends and acquaintances. It is a brilliant piece of speculative induction.

The Moon Element: An Introduction to the Wonders of Selenium, by E. E. Fournier d'Albe. London: Fisher Unwin, Ltd., 1924. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[*Discovery*]

THE selenium cell is one of those scientific toys which captivate the imagination of inventors, and since Willoughby Smith in 1873 discovered that its resistance to electricity varied according to the intensity of light falling on it a mint of money must have been spent on experiments designed to apply this property to a practical use.

For fifty years selenium has been the recognized bridge between optics and electricity and has intrigued not only scientists but inventors of all kinds, both genuine and charlatans.

Mr. Fournier d'Albe's book is excellent so far as his descriptive and historical sections are concerned, and he approaches the whole relation of the undeveloped potentialities of selenium in a stimulating manner. We feel though that there is far too much about his own invention, the Optophone, and the rather unfavorable opinion formed of its value by some authorities in practical association with great institutions for the blind.

The interest in the selenium cell lies for the present in its purely scientific applications in photometry, and in the transmission of speech along light beams. True, the perfection of the latter principle may inflict on us talking films, but let us hope the day is long postponed. Television, a subject now greatly in the air, may on the other hand be of considerable use to humanity. This book gives a valuable popular introduction to all these possible applications of selenium elements and is valuable as bringing together in book form many facts about the application of selenium not readily accessible. A bibliography should have been included.

Policy and Arms, by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, D.S.O. London: Hutchinson, 1924. 18*s.*

[*Public Opinion*]

THOSE who know the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles à Court Repington, D.S.O., as a famous military expert and critic, and a political correspondent of strong views when it concerns his favorite subject, will be interested to know that in his new book, *Policy and Arms*, he deals with many matters of general interest. He tells, for example, the hopes and fears of those who are battling for the new St. Lawrence waterway, and when in America he went thoroughly into the question:—

'The idea that the vast products of the American and Canadian Middle West should be shipped from the many excellent ports of the lakes and be landed at Liverpool without the cost, delays, and damage of transfer is certainly enticing, even if open water cannot at present be counted on for more than seven and a half months of the year. Similarly, there would be no break of bulk on British and other goods sent to the Lake region, which is a great consuming, as well as producing, area. . . .

'One of the main reasons for the strong demand by America for the new waterway has been the inadequacy of railway transport facilities. The inability of the railways to handle the traffic expeditiously has resulted in great delays and heavy losses. It is declared that the railways must spend fifteen billion dollars in the next ten

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years in order to equip themselves to handle the traffic efficiently.

'As there seems little chance of any such expenditure, the need for the new waterway becomes all the more crying. These conditions are not repeated on the Canadian side. In the same way, there are not the same complaints about the railway terminals in Canada that there are in America. But there are greater possibilities of expansion on the Canadian side, while the power plant involved in the plans is almost sure to result in a great growth of manufacturing industries on both sides of the border.'

David of Kings, by E. F. Benson. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Observer*]

THERE is a profound sentimentality — of the breezy kind that has superseded nineteenth-century tearfulness — about this chronicle of the guileless David, whose artlessness does not remind us any too strikingly of the average undergraduate of to-day. Mr. Benson at one moment implies that David is a born writer, gifted with the weapon of apt words; at another, David struggles with the ordinary expression of very ordinary ideas. He is a humorist, more or less, as indeed are most of the characters; yet you find him, in his third year, writing to a friend: 'Oh, Frank, I feel frightfully old. You won't recognize me when you come back, because I 've taken to spectacles and have got a long gray beard and gout,' quite in the best style of a schoolgirl of fourteen. David is so merry and clean, so altogether lovable and healthy, that a sense of unworthiness enormously adds to an unregenerate reviewer's exasperation with him. The absurdities in the book are considerably better than the humor. The whole book is a light-hearted 'rag' with a high moral tone underlying it; it is like an elderly man's tender and idealized memories of a delightful youth, rather than a portrait of the youth himself.

Konyetz, by Martin Hussingtree. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE author of this novel is a Socialist, and he allows his doctrines to dominate the tale. The action begins after the Labor Party has been in power for one year. Its early actions are commended and a number of epigrams are gathered together in unpleasant reference to the habits and actions of aristocrats and capitalists. But the Labor Government neglects proper measures of national defense and ignores the growing threat of Soviet Russia. Ogóne Bobrishev, the hero of the story, warns the people in speeches delivered whenever the opportunity is given. But he is unable to drive his lesson home. Western Europe is overrun by German Bolsheviki. France falls before the invader. A plague, the Black Death, devastates Great Britain. England is bombed and gassed from the air. Horror is everywhere and Hyde Park is a cemetery. On the last page the earth rushes upward, collapses, and all is over.

[This novel is generally believed in England to be the work of Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Socialist son of former Prime Minister Baldwin.]

The King of Elfland's Daughter, by Lord Dunsany. London: Putnam's, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

AT least Lord Dunsany knows what he is about, and has so shrouded and selected the awful furniture of legend that his *King of Elfland's Daughter*, though intended for the drawing-room, would not be out of place in the most carefully guarded nursery. His witch, unaware of the Powers of Evil, sinks comfortably into the position of governess. His trolls are chirpy, chatty creatures who would make good domestic pets. His will-o'-the-wisps are innocent as glowworms. Elfland is a drowsy afternoon, lacking only the distant burr of a lawn-mower and the prospect of iced drinks to attain perfection. We are told concerning some ineffective trees that there was something slow about the magic swaying them, 'as though whoever controlled it were old or weary of magic or interrupted by other things.' That is, generally, one's feeling about the book, though the author diversifies his stumbling narrative with passages of prose lyricism happily recalling in their sweetness and facility the Tennysonian muse.

BOOKS MENTIONED

The British Empire: a Survey. London: W. Collins, 1924. 12 vols. 16*s.* each.

The Resources of the Empire. London: Benn, 1924. 12 vols. £7 7*s.* the set; 21*s.* each vol.

SIEGFRIED, ANDRÉ. *L'Angleterre d'aujou d'hui; son évolution économique et politique.* Paris: G. Cres et Cie, 1924. 7*fr.* 50.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

DUCHESNE, MONSIGNOR LOUIS. *The Early History of the Church.* Translated by Claude Jenkins. London: John Murray, 1924. 21*s.* (The third volume has just been completed.)

VILLARD, LÉONIE. *Jane Austen; a French Appreciation.* Translated from the French by Veronica Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1924.

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This Week

After some thought we finally decided to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Battle of Tannenberg by exposing Ludendorff, the self-appointed hero and godfather of that terrific conflict. If you have not made other plans for the day, you will find our exercises simple, pleasing, and to the point.

* * *

X. Y. Z., that veteran European journalist whose name is an Open Sesame to half the newspaper offices on the Continent, describes Vienna, city of unbounded crises. Many speculators suffered badly on the fall of the franc, but the panic appears to have been cheerful on the whole.

* * *

Bernard Shaw loves to hold forth on any subject and on this occasion he has certainly chosen one that he knows about. The idea seems to have come to him that he is mad, though it always seemed to us that sanity was what troubled him most.

* * *

The Wembley Exposition has reminded Englishmen of their Empire and it has made some of them — including Mr. L. S. Amery — wonder if they cannot squeeze a little more juice out of it. It has been suggested that they 'learn to think Imperially' and, at the same time, adopt a new economic policy. This sounds worth trying at least.

* * *

Mr. Sheba's burden of goodwill, which it is his function to carry back and forth between America and Japan, has been getting lighter lately. But even this would not distress him were it not for his conviction that the situation is now hopeless because 'even the President of the United States' cannot cope with it.

* * *

Some of that rich Russian humor — available only in our columns now that Morris Gest has shipped his Muscovite players back to Europe — appears in 'The Golden Age.' It is the story of how a Russian acquired fame as an author by publicity devices not unfamiliar to our own literary Babbitts.

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Is your Congressman a superhick? There are some districts from which such a member is usually obtained.

* * *

What is your idea of the trouble with our legislative body? Or don't you believe there is any?

* * *

Charles Browne was an M.D. before he was an M.C. In fact, he drifted into politics unintentionally, through his medical training. He became Overseer of the Poor of Princeton, N. J., at the munificent salary of fifty dollars a year.

* * *

Then he was elected Mayor of the town for four consecutive terms, once with the endorsement of both parties. Then he ran for Congress and was elected on the Democratic ticket in a rock-ribbed Republican district — the Fourth New Jersey.

* * *

He still doesn't take politics too seriously. In fact, he says that the main trouble with Congress is politics.

* * *

He turns Doctor again for the duration of this article in the September number of Scribner's Magazine, diagnosing criticism of our lawmaking body under the title of "What's the Matter With Congress?"

* * *

Doctor Browne believes that the august members of Congress should take themselves less seriously and their offices more so.

* * *

His article in the September Scribner's Magazine is a frank story of Congress from the inside. He has become known as a man who speaks out. He was the only Democrat who voted for the Mellon plan as against the Garner compromise tax bill. The pussyfooter has always been his prey.

* * *

Dr. Browne discusses the ailments of Congress in a manner which, though light, carries weight. And incidentally, his article in the September Scribner's Magazine carries more than one thought for you, Mrs., Miss and Mr. Voter.

* * *

N.B. You'll like "Bigoted and Better Pictures" by William C. deMille in the September number of Scribner's, too.

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